Who Speaks For New World Democracy? . . . By Henry Seidel Canby

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVI No. 3 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

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by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

"REPRISAL"
by Ethel Vance
Reviewed by Bess Jones

"SIBERIA"
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"DANSE MACABRE"
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"THE THEORY OF CAPITALIST SOCIETY"
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"LOT'S WIFE"
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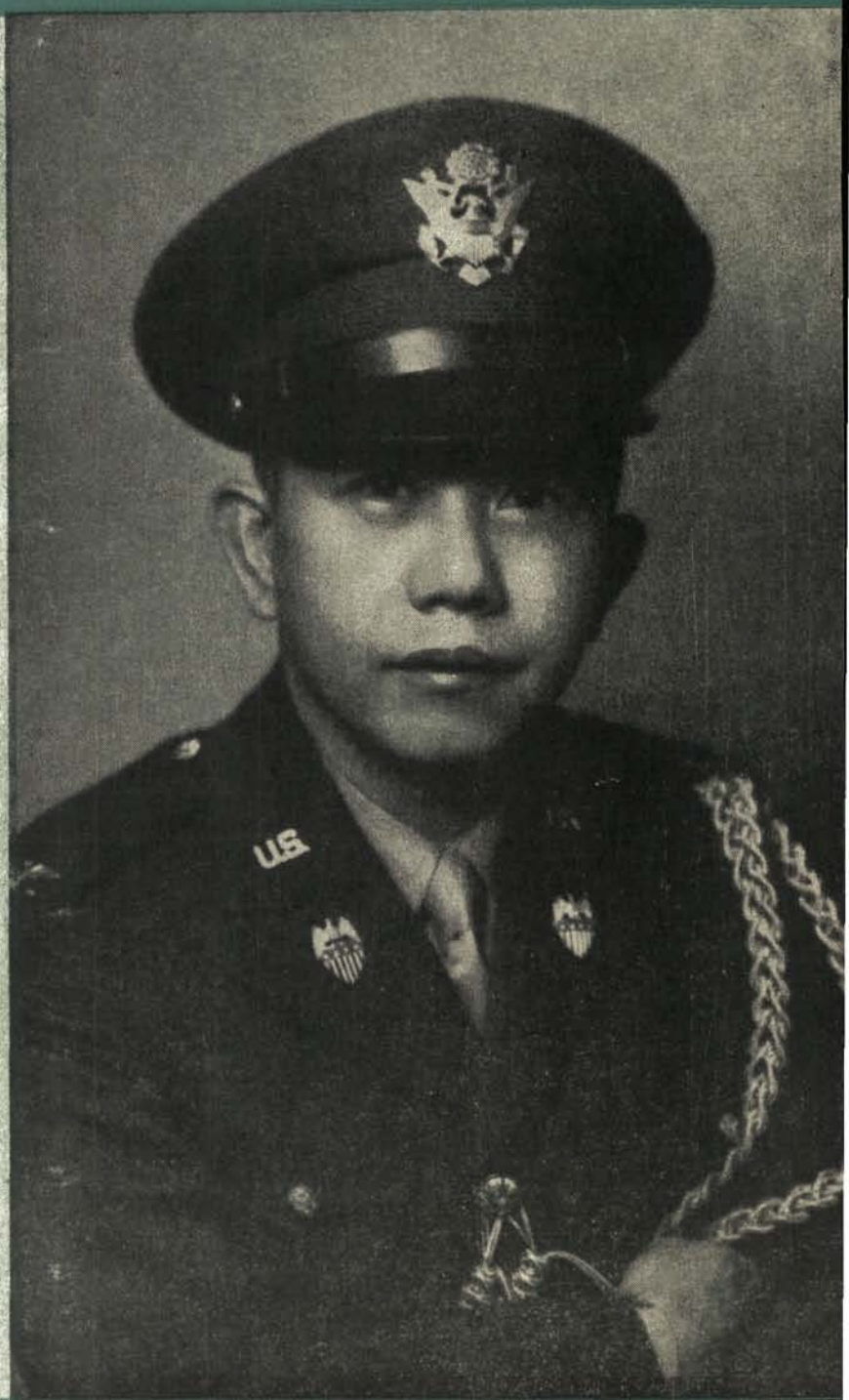

—Blackstone Studios

COLONEL CARLOS P. ROMULO. "A brave soldier and an inspiring officer—he was the last man out of Bataan." (See page 5)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Who Speaks for New World Democracy?

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I SAY it is not the politicians, not the statesmen, not the historians. I say it is Walt Whitman. If you wish to know what heroism meant to the early Greeks, you must ask Homer. If you wish to know what moral unity meant to the Middle Ages, you must ask Dante. If you wish to know what aristocracy meant to the English Renaissance, you must ask Shakespeare. And if you wish to understand what was the, perhaps unconscious, ideal of democracy in the formative years of the nineteenth century, the question should be addressed to Whitman and his poems.

In everything that referred specifically to the development of his own country, Whitman was a strong nationalist. If he had died in, say 1854, he would have been remembered, if remembered at all, as a shrewd and outspoken political journalist, patriotic and partisan, and as a practical politician very useful in vote-getting and propaganda for the Democratic party. There was little that any one could have told him as to how government in the United States was made to work, why and how it failed when it did fail, and how it succeeded, when it did succeed. He was as local and as national in most of his editorial writing as Horace Greeley.

But if his left hand was nationalist, his right hand and his imagination were both internationalist. When he came at last to write from his own inner life, and in his own way, he was not content to speak only for the United States, nor was he much concerned (in his poetry at least) with the political organization of the northern Republic. He believed firmly that the system of government as such of the United States, a system inspired by the Declaration of Independence, based on the Constitution, worked out by representation in a balance of executive, judicial, and legislative powers, was good in principle and would endure. That is, it was good for us, and would endure with us. But this system, so he believed, was not the essence of democracy. It was only the machinery of *a* democracy—the United States in the nineteenth century. The essence of democracy was an ideal—and it should be noted that it was an ideal which he believed was most likely to succeed in the New World of both North and South America. "America *is* democracy," he wrote, in a preface not published until after his death. And when he says "America," he usually means the New World, not just the United States. The terms are often used interchangeably. I quote:

> I heard that you ask'd for something to prove this puzzle—the New World
> And to define America, her athletic Democracy,
> Therefore I send you my poems . . .

I shall endeavor to interpret Whitman's noble and, I believe, valid theory of democracy, not by generalities, but by reference to his own words—and especially to a little read book in prose, "Democratic Vistas" (1871). I do not choose this book arbitrarily, but because it was written against a background of intensest realism. A

—*Jo Davidson*

Walt Whitman

Civil War of unprecedented magnitude had just been concluded, the unity of the country was assured, but democracy itself (though few but Whitman guessed it) was on trial as never before or after until our times. We had destroyed the plantation system of the South, we had liberated the Negro without trying to fit him into any orderly evolution of self-government; we were opening up the richest continent in the known world, and allowing it to be exploited by a plutocracy. Corruption, strong-arm politics, the oppression of minorities were to be seen everywhere. Democratic idealism seemed to be dead, and democratic government seemed to be growing weaker as the country grew richer.

Whitman lived in no ivory tower. He was a clerk in Washington, and Washington was the center of democratic degradation. Great power had been centered there in war time, and now, that power was being used by corrupt private interests. He was bitterly aware of what was going on. He saw, and I am quoting, "the flippancy, and vulgarity, low cunning, . . . youth puny, impudent . . . half-brain'd nominees . . . ignorant ballots . . . elected failures and blatherers," and he feared a breakdown. "Democracy," he said, "grows rankly up the thickest noxious deadliest plants and fruits of all—brings worse and worse invaders." Feudal reaction from Europe was no longer likely; the dollar-chasers, who were using government for their own aggrandizements, were not the chief danger. The New World was strong enough to resist the one, and absorb the other—as has indeed happened. What he dreaded was the invaders, the shadowy figures of Hitlers and Mussolinis over the horizon, men who would recognize the vast new powers which the masses were acquiring, and would corrupt the people and use them for their own felonious purposes, and for the destruction of democracy.

Whitman wished to be judged as a prophet and a seer, and let us so judge him. He did not believe that the institutions of the northern republic, or

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of any republic, were going by themselves to perpetrate democratic government.

"I would alarm and caution . . . against the prevailing delusion that the establishment of free political institutions, . . . with general good order, physical plenty, industry, etc., . . . do, of themselves, determine, and yield to any experiment of democracy, the fruitage of success."

Nor did he believe that our particular institutions would have to be imitated by other countries of the New World in order to make a democracy fulfill what he believed to be its manifest destiny. Whitman did not draw his faith in democracy from the usual grounds at all. "I do not put it either on the ground that the People, the masses, even the best of them, are, in their latent or exhibited qualities, essentially sensible and good—nor on the ground of their rights; but that good or bad, rights or no rights, the democratic formula is the only safe and preservative one for coming times. We endow the masses with sufferage for their sake, no doubt, but still more for the sake of the community." Indeed self-government must (often) abide its time, and the people continue in a state of tutelage until the essential for democracy, which is healthy, vigorous, fully developed individuals, is present. That is the direction in which the New World should move, not towards this or that imitation of foreign governments, but toward the development of every individual by any means. Ambitious men of the kind that make tyrants or fascists (the word is, naturally, ours) are "always straining for elevations and exclusiveness." The masterly ambition of a democracy is to see greatness and health in being part of the mass. Strength comes from a strong people. "Nothing will do so well as common ground."

So thinking, Whitman could not, and did not, feel that the dangers of a democracy come from controversy and the constant clash of opinion. He has a wise word for these dissensions, which arise from free speech, and which have been so much sneered at by the totalitarian states. They are like "that perennial health-action of the air we call the weather—an infinite number of currents and forces, and contributions, and temperatures, and cross-purposes, whose ceaseless play of counterpart upon counterpart brings constant restoration and vitality." This sentence shows not only foresight of the later conclusions of science as to the geographical sources of energy, but is a profound observation upon the trial-and-error basis of democracy itself. What a democracy loses in efficiency of plan, it makes up in right direction, endurance, and vitality.

Thinking this way, he believed, of course, that the real danger to democracy was a failure to produce in the masses men and women worth preserving, worth governing, able to defend themselves, able to govern themselves. It was a lack of faith in democracy which permitted the growth of rich cities rather than fine cities, concentrated wealth rather than general self-development, complacency rather than vigor, a dull pursuit of security instead of vitality and initiative.

The early biographers of Walt Whitman and perhaps most of us who first read Whitman twenty or thirty years ago, misunderstood the emphasis in his definition of democracy and failed to heed his warnings. At the beginning of the century, it seemed, at least in the United States, that democracy had won its major battles, and was safe. By the time of Theodore Roosevelt predatory plutocracy, which had used our institutions for its own ends, was clearly beginning a retreat. The greedy millions who had exploited a continent were beginning to see that it was not enough to make a living out of a country. It had to be worth living in. We were on the way to social reform, but took democracy for granted. All that was necessary for us and for the New World generally, on our isolated continents, was to keep on reforming until we had made almost perfect states.

It was not to work out that way, as, first, the great depression of 1929, and then the war showed with terrifying clarity. Democracy was not yet safe, not yet even successful. "I say," wrote Whitman in 1871, "that our New World democracy, however great a success in uplifting the masses out of their slough . . . is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and esthetic results." We had achieved size, comfort, moreover, as had the democracies abroad, but monopoly, undirected industrialism, and the moral confusions of the nineteenth century had deadened idealism and substituted security for self-development as the goal of the individuals who make up the people. For democ-

(*Continued on page* 16)

The Thin Bird

By Robert T. Tristram Coffin

HOW long he had been there he could not say,
Maybe an hour, maybe four generations,
The pine trees had been talking all the time,
Cities might have fallen, even nations.

And now he was no longer by himself,
He knew it without turning round his head,
Something was coming, making not a sound,
He being so still and seeming to be dead.

It came up to the corner of his eye,
He held his breath in, and he heard and heard
His heart going lonely in him, then he saw
How small it was. It was only a bird.

Yet its legs were needles, so thin, so thin,
It was strange so slender things were living,
The bird came cautious, three steps, two, and one,
And then he saw the light its eyes were giving.

Its unlidded eyes were round with fear,
Hate was in them, incredulity, wonder.
Once he had seen such light, unspeakable light,
And it was on the hair of rising thunder.

The light came on, the eyes came on, he must
Shout or move before they were too near,
Something unspeakable, unholy was
Going to happen and fill the universe here.

He must move before it was too late,
The forest was upon him, fanged and swaying,
Those were not feathers, those were brazen scales,
And ages before he sat so at his slaying.

Then one finger stirred, one finger on him,
The blood rushed to his heart. There was a scream,
A whirr of wings. He found that he was safe
Outside the broken bubble of a dream.

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The Battle of the Philippines

I SAW THE FALL OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Colonel Carlos P. Romulo. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1942. 323 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

WHEN the Spaniards went to the Philippines they built churches. When the Americans went to the islands they built schools. " . . . the first thing the Japanese did when they entered Manila was to establish two large red-light districts in the heart of the city." In this little history of his native land Carlos P. Romulo dramatizes the national philosophy behind the fall of the Philippines.

Colonel Romulo was General MacArthur's personal aide and chief press relations officer for the troops on Corregidor and Bataan. He had been an editor and publisher of a chain of newspapers and a Pulitzer Prize winner in journalism. A brave soldier and an inspiring officer, he was the last man out of Bataan. He escaped in a patchwork amphibian that could hardly rise seventy feet above Manila Bay. Japanese gunfire rained all about it. With him he took only the farewell letters of the trapped soldiers and the diary upon which he based "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines." He had to leave his wife and children behind him, and he does not yet know their fate. His seventeen-year-old son fought on with the doomed defenders.

No American can read this book without shame. Through its stark and beautiful chapters runs the question of the starving men of Bataan: "When is help coming from America?" No American can read this book without pride. The gangrene-eaten, bomb-rocked soldiers of the Philippine fox-holes stand with the noblest heroes of all time.

The Battle of the Philippines is the story of seven thousand American soldiers and seventy-five thousand Filipinos against two hundred and fifty thousand Japanese. It is the story of men and women who stayed "civilized and kind in the face of unspeakable horror." Wasted to scarecrow gauntness, they endured the day-and-night bombardment of the outnumbering, well-equipped enemy. Sick, wounded, deserted by the United States, they fought despair in the forests of Bataan and in the foul-smelling, vermin-plagued laterals of dark Corregidor. The wounded were without anesthetics or antiseptics. The fighters at the front had a handful of rice a day. "They were trapped like rats, but they died like men."

Colonel Romulo played a heroic part in the cruelly unequal combat. Before the evacuation of Manila he served as press officer, working to give the bad news to the Philippine papers without damaging island morale. After the removal to Corregidor he wrote a little news pamphlet for the soldiers and made his perilous way to the fox-holes at the front to bring news and encouragement to the fighters. He did his share of the fighting, too.

Radio programs from the States added irony to the tortures of Bataan. Broadcasts dedicated to "MacArthur's Magnificents," plugs for nourishing soups and tempting viands were taunts to the skeleton men of Corregidor. One dramatic announcer orated: "Japan is weakening. The Japs must take Corregidor now or never!" A disgusted soldier asked: "What the hell is he trying to do, drive the Japs against us?"

Hardest of all to bear were the commentators who piled up war production statistics. "America will produce sixty-five thousand planes this year! Fifty bombers have just been landed in England!" The listening cave-dwellers of filthy Corregidor had only their fists to shake at the Japanese squadrons overhead. Often they jeered back into the radio: "Give us ten planes out of that sixty-five thousand—today, not next year! Give us five! Give us one!"

Colonel Romulo is a Pulitzer Prize winner, but his book has a beauty that arises from no conscious literary art. It lies rather in the dignity of his spirit, in the sporting generosity of his admiration for the courage and ability of his fellows, in the nobility of his emotions. Even the frightened cats and dogs of Bataan succeeded in engaging his enthusiasm and pity.

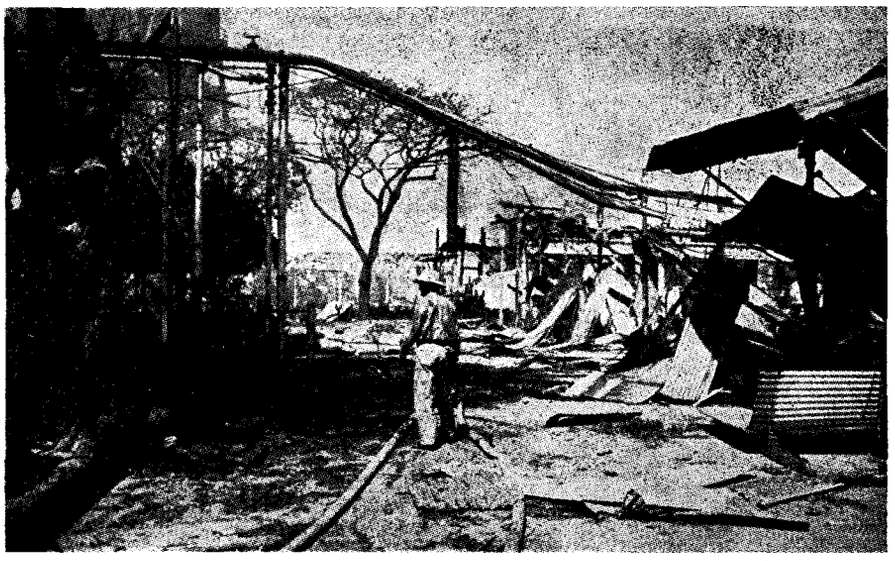
The War Department has visibly deleted certain passages in the book. The heavy dots and dashes of censorship make the volume something of a collector's item. But what has remained uncensored stands as one of the bitterest and most damning documents of the war. Those who would settle scores in the Pacific at some indefinite future date should learn from Colonel Romulo's pages what Japan's New Order means in terms of rape, atrocity, looting, and fiendish efficiency.

The Japanese practically wiped out our Philippine air force when they opened their attack on the archipelago. "I have heard people ask doubtfully how the Japanese could know that our planes would be unguarded at the noon hour. I'll tell you this—the Japanese knew everything!"

The author pays tribute to General MacArthur and President Quezon. It is ironical to recall that when the reviewer returned to the United States from the Far East shortly before Pearl Harbor he met many Americans, especially in New York, who doubted the Filipino President's loyalty and belittled Filipino devotion to democracy and the United States. This was exactly the propaganda that the Japanese had aimed to spread.

These Americans should read Colonel Romulo. There is no finer exponent of democracy anywhere in the world today. The heroic Filipino defense of freedom at Lingayan and Manila, on Bataan and Corregidor has made history.

Let us hope that we shall soon redeem General MacArthur's pledge to the President of the valiant Filipinos: "We'll go back to the Philippines, Mr. President, and if necessary I'll put you back in Malacanan on the points of my bayonets."



—*From the book*

Death and destruction left in the wake of Japanese bombing of the Cavite Navy Yard on Dec. 10, 1941.

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The Shape of Things in France

REPRISAL. By Ethel Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 334 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

IT is perhaps natural that, on the strength of the success of "Escape," Ethel Vance's subsequent novel should be put forward as another story of the same kind. The two have, as a matter of fact, nothing in common except their anti-Nazi themes and their excellence as writing, and it seems to me to belittle both the purpose and achievement of "Reprisal" to set it down as merely another adventure story. In "Escape," one of the first and still among the few really good treatments of the contemporary manhunt motif, the object was to break out of the trap set by the Nazis. In "Reprisal" the chase takes secondary importance. The real theme is the method by which the French may break through the trap they had set for themselves, a theme of the greatest interest to us today, and handled with such skill and beauty, the novel might well remain one of the enduring comments on the whole terrible epic.

Most of it acts itself out in a small Brittany village immediately after the murder of an unimportant German officer of occupation has resulted in the arrest of hostages threatened with death unless a guilty person is produced. Attention is focused, however, not on these innocent victims of enemy vengeance, but on the higher-ups most immediately affected by the moral and political aspects of the situation. These include chiefly the Galle family and its connections: André, a former member of the Ministry whose pacifism sends him on the road to Vichy but whose belief in the validity of promises sends him promptly away from it; his daughter Françoise, remarkably mature and acute at twenty-five, defeated in love and caught between pain at her father's weakness and anxiety for her young brother's youthful and somewhat reckless unpredictability; Edouard Schneider, one-time pupil and secretary of André, now an intriguer and collaborationist; Maurice, the house servant who knows much; and Simon Astley, the American artist who loves Françoise but who fears the complications she brings into his life.

Here in good measure are mystery, love, political intrigue, rebellion of youth, and, in the best sense, triumph over the enemy. But there is far more, something much better than the excitement of plot. It is nothing less than a brilliant interpretation of a people in the most terrible crisis they can face.

The shape of the story is so nearly that of a play, it will be easily transferable both to stage and screen. The characters, too, are seen with marked clarity, and their dialogue has the exactness and movement which make virtually every speech a step in the working out of the action. Miss Vance probably places a little too much reliance on a couple of love letters in the romance between François and Simon, but everywhere else the narrative moves straightforwardly to its inevitable conclusion, a conclusion tinged with the bitterness of the whole problem, but one which offers to this civilized French family its sole hope.

Quality is a word that has been much used and often abused, but there is scarcely a term better suited to the kind of writing Miss Vance gives us. "Reprisal" is not merely a highly satisfactory novel on a topical theme. It reveals throughout the beauty, clarity, and precision of the mind of its creator. and those who love seeing a fine intelligence working hand in hand with a genuine creative gift are bound to relish this book.

—*Blackstone Studios*
Ethel Vance

A Novel of Marriage

A CIRCLE IN THE WATER. By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1942. 408 *pp.* $2.50.

DESPITE the Shakespearean reference in its title the theme of this novel is marriage and the ravages made on it over a period of twenty years by a selfish and fanatically ambitious husband. Miss Hull, an experienced novelist, would probably be the first to disclaim any originality for it, but in writing of it freshly, with intelligence and at times startlingly minute penetration of character, she has shown that mere newness is not necessarily the test of a thoroughly readable and enjoyable story.

The narrative opens in a small midwestern college in the Harding era, when normalcy, in the guise of a very correct academic administration, and Hilary Sedgewick, a talented young instructor with literary ambitions, disastrously clash. Hilary is just about to launch his first novel, a "realistic" O'Neill style tale of his home town in Maine, which, despite his hopes, not only fails to boost him to professorial rank but actually results in his dismissal. Worse still, it wins neither general critical approval nor more than two hundred dollars in royalties. With his young wife Vera and his little boy Bill he thereupon sets out for New York, where he expects to find more freedom, more recognition, and the wider "contacts" a literary artist requires. The anxieties of the first months there, on limited means in a shabby apartment, the shoddy little efforts to achieve publicity, the selfish acceptance of his wife's sacrifices. the growing infidelities, all point to the ultimate end, as each new compromise in integrity progressively lays bare to the agonized wife the essential flaws in her husband's character

He does win success, not the kind he had dreamed of, and at a price a better man would scarcely have thought worthwhile. The effect on the marriage is developed gradually and skilfully. The effect on the child does not appear fully until much later. But the slow decline of rich young promise, the steady gnawing away at faith and loyalty and love are movingly detailed. And though Miss Hull's sympathies are naturally weighted on the side of the wife, a very intelligent, eager, and affectionate woman, she has not made the mistake of coloring her hero all black. He has charm, personal brilliance, and talent. He has also had a hard and bitter youth, though less hard and bitter than he imagined. Indeed, it is on a visit to his Maine home, when his father is dying, that Vera catches her first convincing view of her husband's ability to distort images. That section, incidentally, is one of the best in a book which tells straightforwardly and humanly (though without much comfort for the male exhibitionist) one of the oldest and most perennially interesting stories in the world.

B. J.

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The Bengal Lancer Surveys India

PAGEANT OF INDIA. By F. Yeats-Brown. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Company. 1942. 295 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SHRIDHARANI

HERE is the Bengal Lancer, at large again, galloping with full gusto if without full justification. The field he is riding roughshod is the same old scene, old so far as he and history are concerned. And that field is India, and Major Yeats-Brown has tried to write a popular and pocket history of India. But he is so consumed with his own and his race's ride that he correspondingly neglects recounting the real greatness of the landscape.

The reviewer is not familiar with Major Yeats-Brown's army record, but he is convinced that the ex-soldier wields a facile pen. He writes racily and at spots brilliantly. Those fortunate readers who can still find time for entertaining non-fiction books have a store of amusement in this work. The author of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" will virtually take them for a ride, not through the Khyber Pass this time, but through the hoary canyons of India's past centuries.

That is all right for the Lancer. But what about India? The question still remains. Does this book contribute, as it sets out to do, anything substantial toward the understanding of India—India wherein we may win or lose this war? The answer is in the negative. It adds one more brick, on the contrary, to the mighty wall that bars a clear view of that vast continent. This is all the more unfortunate in view of the exclamation of Major Yeats-Brown himself: "God forbid that these pages should be considered as propaganda." But worse than propaganda is a kind of mental morass, born of imperial pride, which militates against seeing things in their proper perspective, however sincerely one strives to do so.

Take, for instance, the English Major's treatment of the so-called Sepoy Mutiny. He gives three distinct "causes of the Mutiny"—just like that, one, two, three. These were, according to Major Yeats-Brown who apparently thinks nothing of compressing three thousand years of India in 295 small pages: that the landed aristocracy was alarmed at the annexations; that it wanted to go back to the "good old days" of unlimited exploitation and that it resented the wonderful "British law of property"; and that the Indians were afraid of Christianity and technology. It amounts to saying that the American Revolution was caused by certain Brahmins who wanted to start tea plantations of their own somewhere around Boston. It never occurs to the good Major that something called a desire for freedom, a ravaged people's aspiration to restore national pride and cultural glory might have moved the masses.

The author treats Indians as children. What is more audacious, he treats his American readers as children. Otherwise how can he write such obvious nonsense? He repeatedly asserts that he is quite different from the British Tories, and yet spills out the entire Tory tale. It was the Sepoy Mutiny only in so far as every revolution that fails is a mutiny, and that every mutiny that succeeds is a revolution.

Such a small book on the vast field of Indian history is bound to be choppy. The success of such a book, therefore, would largely depend upon the basic principle of selection. Major Yeats-Brown sets out with the admirable desire "to simplify and select, rather than to reduce the picture by micro-photography." But the sad result has been that he has selected his incidents not according to importance, but according to the degree of "human interest"; he devotes pages to the love affairs of a drunken emperor, and he has not a single word to say about India's contributions to mathematics and science.

The author launches a complaint against those British historians who dismiss India's pre-British past in a few paragraphs and then devote the entire book to the British contributions. The Major's treatment might not be so lop-sided, but it is lop-sided enough. Almost half of the book, to be precise—is devoted to the British period—a period which is just a drop in the bucket so far as Indian history is concerned. And almost all of his sources are British.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME IMPORTANT MESSAGES

A useful device, from the viewpoint of the author, for creating a crisis in the life of his character is to have him receive a brief but important message. Ten such messages are quoted below. Do you remember them? Allowing 5 points if you can name the story and another 5 if you can recall the author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 13.

1. The supply of game for London is going steadily up. Head-keeper Hudson, we believe, has been told now to receive all orders for fly-paper and for preservation of your hen-pheasant's life.

2. Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell died in action Thursday se'nnight.

3. He will be gone all day. This afternoon early, the road to Beaumont by the mill at the first bridge. Driving. The maid can be trusted. Till then Dieu te garde—and always.

4. porter good for the helth it makes meet.

5. American contributors will furnish 1,000 brushes for your Young German Painters' League. Mandelberg has joined in supporting the league. You must send 11 Picasso reproductions 20 by 90 to branch galleries on the 25th, no sooner. Reds and blues must predominate. We can allow you $8,000 on this transaction at present. Start new account books 2. Our prayers follow you daily, dear brother.

6. R. will be away for the night. I absolutely must see you. I shall expect you at eleven. I am desperate and if you don't come I won't answer for the consequences. Don't drive up. L.

7. Error in guinea-pig bill. Collect for two guinea-pigs, fifty cents. Deliver all to consignee.

8. It is by my orders that the bearer of this paper has done what he has just done. At the camp of Rochelle, this fifth of August, 1628. Richelieu.

9. Your my Bow.

10. Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.

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Russia in Asia

SIBERIA. By Emil Lengyel. New York: Random House. 1943. 416 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by I. D. W. TALMADGE

GLOBAL war has produced a global literature in America. This new trend may be roughly termed, geo-lettres. It should not be confused with regional literature, the mountain, river, lake, and what-not Series, nor the *National Geographic* brand of prettified travelogues. Like geopolitics, geo-lettres deals with the relationship of space, soil, and climate to history. It is literature of strategic, rather than social, significance. In fact, geo-lettres is an offshoot and literary counterpart of the teachings of Mackinder and Haushofer.

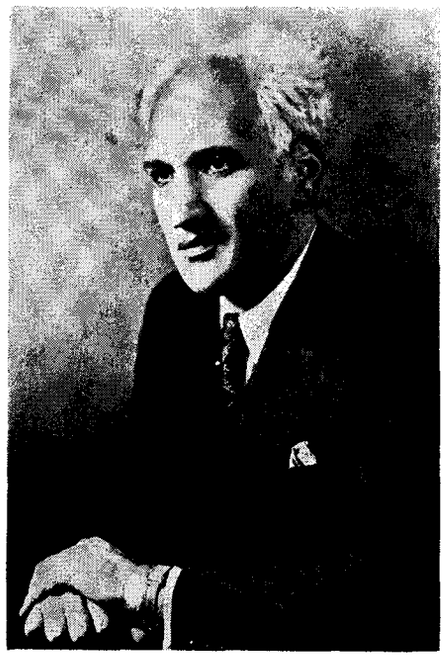
One of the leading exponents of this new genre is Emil Lengyel who in recent seasons has given us engrossing and enlightening panoramic studies of "Turkey," "The Danube," and "Dakar." His latest field of exploration is the sub-continent of Siberia, the so-called Heartland of the World Island. To be sure, other literary Columbuses have discovered the same territory lately but their books on Asiatic Russia are not as comprehensible as Mr. Lengyel's. Siberia is, no doubt, big enough to be claimed by several authors. Its fate is of crucial moment to us at present. With the exception of Canada and Mexico, Siberia is our closest ally in the global struggle—a mere thirty-six miles from Alaska. What is more important strategically, its "Mistress of the East," Vladivostok, is barely ninety minutes by bomber from Tokio.

—Illustration from the cover of the book

Siberia, with an area covering one-seventh of the land surface of the earth, is to Emil Lengyel, "a potential New World and the huge stage upon which the final act of the world drama may be enacted." Mr. Lengyel's acquaintance with this New World came about under somewhat inauspicious circumstances — as an involuntary guest of the Czar. He was one of the two million Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war whom the Russian authorities entertained for two years in Siberian winter resorts during the first World War. The Siberia of that time (1916-18) was an undeveloped Asiatic colony, a huge prison covering millions of square miles—a "chiaroscuro of snow and wretched exiles." In recent years Mr. Lengyel revisited the region as a free man and found

> a panorama of blast furnaces and smelters, of hydro-electric power stations and transmission lines, of textile industries and shipbuilding yards, of metallurgical and chemical plants, of industrial construction based on coal and iron, of mines for the extraction of some of the most precious minerals the twentieth century needs, of new roads cutting into the desert and forest country, of new railway lines and airplane routes. It is a picture of old crops being improved and new ones introduced, of tradition-bound *mujiks* being turned into progressive farmers, of collective and scientific farm planning, of push-buttons operating threshers and tractors under the hot Siberian sun, of irrigation canals and drainage—all the devices made accessible by the civilization of the machine.

Mr. Lengyel's "Siberia" is a fascinating and highly informative one-volume study of the region, its history, geography, fauna, and flora. The author finds a great number of similarities between Siberia and the United States—the vastness of the country, the wealth of natural resources, the pioneering spirit of the people. In a word, Siberia is just a colder U. S. A. The oldest inhabitants of Asiatic Russia are the Mongols who according to anthropolgists are the blood-brothers of our own American Indians. Among the first white settlers were the Old Believers, who like our Puritans were non-conformists and broke away from the Mother Church. They were followed by other dissident sects who sought refuge and a new Holy Land in Siberia. Then came the marauding Cossacks, the conquerors of the country. The majority of the immigrants, however, were neither Cossacks nor sectarians. For the most part they were not unlike our own frontiersmen —landless farmers, gold prospectors, enterprising merchants, adventurers,



Emil Lengyel

and free booters. Boldly they trekked Eastward over the taiga, tundra, and the steppes to the Pacific. In later years the migration was swelled by compulsory settlers: convicts and political exiles.

There are many grand tales in Mr. Lengyel's book about the exploits of the Russian conquistadores and empire builders during Siberia's age of adventure—the legendary Cossack Yermak who with his band of brigands defeated the descendants of Genghis Khan and gained Siberia for the Czar; the ill-fated Commodore Bering who twice in fifteen years came within reach of Alaska without setting foot on it; the religious and ruthless Cossack chieftain Khabarov who with 206 desperadoes waged war against China; the bald-headed Alexander Baranov, the first dictator on the North American continent. The story of the dashing Rezanov of the Royal Guards—who mixed love with imperialism to gain a foothold for the Czar in California—is a natural for Hollywood. It might even do as a sequel to Mr. Davies's "Mission to Moscow."

Mr. Lengyel appends to his study of Siberia excurses about Russia's history, its revolutionary movements, the Civil War, the intervention, and Soviet-Japanese relations. All these subjects are competently handled by the author.

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Narrative of the War in Pictures

DANSE MACABRE. By Frans Masereel. New York: Pantheon Books Inc. 1942. 25 *drawings*, 9 x12 *inches.* $6.

Reviewed by MARIANNE HAUSER

HERE is a suggestion that should be included in the peace terms: that the youth of all aggressor nations be forced to read, study, and remember Frans Masereel's "Danse Macabre." The book can be understood by peasants and intellectuals alike, and men, women, and children of all nationalities may read it easily without the help of a dictionary. For it is written in the universal language of drawings in black and white, and its plot leaves nothing to guess. It tells the story of war; war descending upon the earth, destroying, mutilating, burning until there is nothing left except hunger behind an empty counter. And war, the central character of Masereel's story, is not presented in the guise of a swastika-studded or Banzai-screaming monster, but as the skeleton figure of death.

In "Danse Macabre," Masereel, Flemish artist and master of the pictorial novel, has created one of his greatest works, a document as much of our time as any factual report from the battlefront, yet far more than either *reportage* or propaganda, the flaming vision of an artist whose "J'accuse" pleads for all humanity.

Like his "Idée," "Passion d'un Homme," and "Le Soleil," Masereel's "Danse Macabre" is a narrative in pictures, a novel that must be "read" page for page. Reading it for the first time, one should not open it at random, but go through it slowly from beginning to end. Frans Masereel's novels are built consciously. Their successive episodes form, as it were, a literary unity whose suspense and climaxes depend upon the rhythm of the narrative.

In the first episode the head of death is shown rising above the globe amid a gigantic halo of light. But on the following page he has already taken possession of the world, completely and horribly, raining fire upon the sketched outlines of small human dwellings. And suddenly multiplied, he becomes master of a thousand worlds, descending by parachutes, riding guns, torpedoes, and tanks; the demented spirit of mechanized slaughter, marching ahead of fleeing civilians and wounded soldiers; bursting from the center of battle with the centrifugal force of a shell exploding; diving into an ocean of mangled bodies until there is nothing more to burn and no one left to kill. And from the rubbish heaps of conquest, amid the

—*From the book*

bleak, prostrate silence of a world destroyed, death gazes at death inactively with an idiot's grinning curiosity. Until once again he finds himself the master as he watches, through a window, the breadlines extend in dark, endless serpentines. And the "plus de pain," written crudely on a square sign, becomes his mute and final weapon.

This, in words, is the outline of a story whose essence cannot be put into words, as it lies in the eloquent style of Masereel's unique art. The sketches for his novel were made in 1940, during his flight from Paris, while he walked for three hundred miles through machinegun fire and bombings. The drawings are executed in a style free and sweeping, and there is none of that somewhat precious intellectualism which, at least to my feeling, has been the weakness of some of his early woodcuts. Stefan Zweig once wrote of Masereel that unlike any other living artist he possessed Walt Whitman's "free and yet disciplined power, * * * that innate equilibrium of personality and humanity." In "Danse Macabre," Zweig's evaluation of two decades ago has been more than fulfilled.

A Politician of Ancient Rome

THIS WAS CICERO. By H. J. Haskell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 406 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER

THIS is a very good book and one which should be welcomed by all classicists, for it represents exactly that kind of transmission of the values of antiquity to people outside the profession which is essential if classical training is not to die of inbreeding.

Mr. Haskell, as a correspondent in Washington and as newspaper man in Kansas City, has had much experience of modern politicians, which led him to believe that he might assist others to understand an ancient politician. Whether or not he so intended originally, he has found it necessary to read very widely, both in Cicero's own works and in those of other classical and post-classical authors. A minor though important result of this is an excellent critical bibliography—not merely a parade of titles, but a list where the reader may find what books are useful and for what purpose. The ancient sources have been approached chiefly through the translations of the Loeb Classical Library, and the founder of that worthy enterprise would certainly be gratified to have his series used so extensively and with such intelligent search for truth. Of modern works, biographical and historical, Mr. Haskell has shown a commendable preference for the most important, and by no means all the easiest: Holmes, Marsh, Syme, and the chapters in the "Cambridge Ancient History."

A still more valuable result of all this reading is that it has enabled the author to write a really excellent appraisal of a very difficult character. Since this is designed for the reader with no knowledge of antiquity, there is a good deal of elementary explanation which is not always worked in with entire smoothness artistically. Also there are lapses into slang, which is a matter of taste that will not be universally enjoyed. But the author has not committed the capital error of assuming that Cicero's greatness is dependent on his approach to modern conditions or characteristics. There are interesting illustrative parallels from twentieth century America and eighteenth century England, but they are never pressed for more than they are worth. The center of interest is where it should be, on the life and words of a remarkable man whose virtues and failings lie exposed to us in the judgment of his countrymen and in his own voluminous correspondence. It is not easy, reading his speeches and his letters, to keep in mind both his greatness and his smallness—his honesty and his vanity, his devotion to duty and his love of self. Mr. Haskell has succeeded, where many predecessors and some very eminent ones have failed, in holding the balance fairly.

Despite minor lapses, for the general intelligent reader this is likely to be the best life of Cicero past, present, or to come.

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR AND THE WAR

IT is important in considering the present plight of the humanities, to distinguish between short term and long term issues. The American scholar who feels aggrieved, or humiliated, because his country, in an emergency of the first magnitude, calls for technologists, engineers, statisticians, economists, rather than humanists, historians, and interpreters of culture, should cease mopping his forehead. It has never been and never will be the business of the scholar, the man of letters, or the humanist, to prepare for the machinery of war, though he has often recognized inevitability in a good cause, and given the ideology which has made a war successful in history as well as triumphant in combat. In so far as he is an instrument of civilization—and why is he a scholar in the humanities if he is not?—his primary duty might be said to prepare for such wisdom as may eventually eliminate the curse and crime of aggressive, predatory war.

So much for the short term issue, but in the long view his responsibilities are greater, and his record by no means clean and clear. The adjective Alexandrian was long ago applied to erudition for the sake of erudition, learning for the sake of being learned. I would suggest that the sting of this reproach has been blunted by subsequent history. In the multifarious and extraordinary development of man's power over nature, and man's interpretation of his own history, the patient scholar, determined to get the facts, may look with pride to uses made of what to the layman has seemed the dullest and most unpromising material. I fear that he has looked with too much pride.

For if the Alexandrians and their medieval successors accepted with too easy complacence the validity of classical judgments inherited from a great creative period, the modern humanistic scholar, and, among English speakers, the American scholar particularly, has bound himself to a wheel which turns in an equally vicious circle. We have lived in our time through an intensely productive and very useful period of American scholarship. But it has lacked—with a few signal exceptions—imagination, creativeness, and a confident objectivity. That is one reason why the humanities in our educational system are threatened by after-war adjustments as well as by the immediate exigencies of a crisis in total war.

The nigger in our woodpile has been science. This has been said before in quieter times, but it needs to be said again, and more emphatically, now. I do not, of course, mean creative, speculative, imaginative science which has been the main cause for the transformation of our world into a society where man, if he acquires wisdom also, can undoubtedly live with such physical well-being and intellectual and esthetic opportunity as has never been possible before. There is no conflict in ultimate objectives between such science and the humanities. Both wish to know, and, to know, obviously, for the benefit of the human race, since otherwise their knowledge is what the Bible would call vain. The curse of the American scholar, and particularly the American literary scholar, has not been pure science—it may be said with some justice that he has known too little about it to be influenced deleteriously or otherwise. His curse has been a sense of inferiority, which has led to imitation of the astoundingly successful results attained by technology and applied science generally. He has seen the technological expert experimenting with dead matter, learning to control it, learning to apply it, and changing as a result the behavior of whole societies in a single generation. Unconsciously, he has become a materialist in the strict sense of that word. Unconsciously, he has left the difficult and doubtful ranges of interpretation, of appreciation, of valuation, all involving the never-to-be-entirely-calculable human spirit, and has thrown the emphasis more and more on fact-finding, on the material background of human experience, upon the search for the last detail of accurate knowledge, as if, when that were found, his job was done. He has become more accurate and more knowledgeable than his predecessors, and this is good, but somehow, somewhere, the precious and nourishing liquid of literature has been spilled from the ever more carefully moulded goblet, or frozen there.

Emerson's battle for an independent American scholarship has been long since won—perhaps it has been overwon. Our scholars, now, with admirable methodologies, are exploring the literatures of the world. In the last quarter century especially, a remarkable job has been done upon the too little known backgrounds and relationships, and the too little appreciated achievements, of our own native literature. Yet, if we have been independent, it is questionable whether we have been intuitive. Those rich inflowings from foreign cultures which were the concern of the Concord men, whose absorptions and adaptations in, and reactions from, a strong native civilization seemed to Emerson to offer a great task for self-confident American scholarship, have not been the chief concern of our modern scholars. Their books, their papers (I except always outstanding examples to the contrary) have been much more concerned with new fields of facts to conquer, new cruxes for scholarship, new opportunities to correct a text or discover a parallel or a source.

I wish to repeat that I am writing with no lack of sympathy for the usefulness of such labors. The question is not of usefulness at all, it is of emphasis, and ultimate objective.

When a race, or a nation, or a profession, or a group encounters a period of adversity, as we who call ourselves humanists unquestionably have done today, it is a salutary discipline to humble the mind and search the record for our own faults, before com-

(*Continued on page 21*)

Godhood

By Witter Bynner

WHEN silently, beside a pine
Magnificent in snow,
We watched the godlike mountainline
Ascend an afterglow,
Perhaps we also climbed ahead
Beyond our furthest ken,
Firmer than any one can tread
Of all us mortal men.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Parkman's Early Diaries

SIR:—I hesitate to take issue with Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe about anything concerned with biography, but since his is the third major review of Mr. Mason Wade's "Francis Parkman: Heroic Historian" which objects to the detailed use of Parkman's early diaries and notebooks, I feel constrained to air my own opinions. I cannot speak for Mr. Wade but until he came along I had done more work on Parkman, probably, than anyone else in this generation. My experience fully justifies his extensive use of those materials; in my judgment he has done American letters a sizable service by publishing them in detail.

Mr. Wade uses the early diaries to chart the coastline of Parkman's mind. His results, I think, show that he was right, and I pass over them to speak more particularly of the "Oregon Trail" notebooks. His discovery of them (along with the diaries and certain letters) was dramatic—and important enough to furnish half a dozen Ph.D. candidates with careers. At intervals over a period of several years I had tried to find those notebooks—though I thought of them in the singular—but researches which exhausted my ingenuity had turned up no clue to their whereabouts. When Mr. Wade came to consult me at the beginning of his research, I cautioned him to keep them in mind but informed him that they probably did not exist. For this assurance I had the authority not only of my own failures but of my friends and counselors at the Massachusetts Historical Society, their legal owner, who had periodically informed me that, if there ever had been such documents, they must have perished long ago. My face has been red ever since Mr. Wade found them, and I dare say there is some scholarly sheepishness at the MHS.

The notebooks have a central and crucial importance in the career of our greatest historian. Whether or not Parkman's trip to the far West was responsible for his bad health (in spite of both Parkman and Mr. Wade, I don't believe it was), it certainly gave final, decisive shape to his ideas about the Indians and about frontier life. Since frontier life and the Indians add up to much more than half his great subject, and since the notebooks vividly show his ideas crystallizing, a critical biography must necessarily use them to the full. The emotions recorded and the judgments formed in them are a conditioning force which can be clearly traced throughout the magnificent structure of Parkman's histories.

Hitherto our only means of assessing Parkman's experience in the West has been "The Oregon Trail." Generations of readers attest the fascination of that book—which has been read more widely than anything else Parkman wrote—but it is nevertheless the hastiest, the least accurate, the least understanding, and the least important of his books. (Mr. Wade explains why.) Many of its deficiencies are corrected by the notebooks and the others are explained. Furthermore, as Mr. Wade points out, they are much more vivid and entertaining than the book which the half-blind Parkman dictated on the basis of them and then turned over to others for revision. They are more vigorously written, fresher, and, most important of all, a more direct and less prejudiced registration of history. It must be remembered that Parkman went West in the climactic summer of expansionism. Though he did not understand the movement in which he participated, he reported a great deal of it, and the report in his notebooks is less colored and more valuable than the one in his book. They are better literature than "The Oregon Trail" and they are much more valuable as history. Parkman's biographer had no recourse but to use them to the utmost; the reading public owes him a good deal for doing so. That debt will be increased when he is able to publish them in full.

My own experience illustrates any historian's debt. For years I had been at work on a book in which Parkman figures, and the passages devoted to him had been rewritten for what I took to be the last time when Mr. Wade found the notebooks. When he generously lent them to me, I had to go back to the beginning and rewrite once more. Nobody who has been working on either Parkman or the West can be convinced that there is too much of them in Mr. Wade's book.

BERNARD DE VOTO.
Cambridge, Mass.

"The author gets the Editor plastered, gets an O.K. at 10 cents a word, then the Editor's fired, and this morning the former Associate-Editor buys them both breakfast!"

Balm in Gilead

SIR:—You must let me to say a word of appreciation.

My best Christmas gift in all my life is *S.R.L.* this year from William Rose Benét, bless his heart.

Ever since I discovered *S.R.L.*—it was just when I came to the United States, in Chicago Public Library, after reading many other similar publications—I've found it tops and I've stuck to it faithfully during my life from Chicago to Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and way back East. The first step out in every town was to the public library to see *S.R.L.* I don't find any other publication so enrichingly stimulating all the time. And for this sinner in the versified and allied fields the *S.R.L.* is a constant Columbus about America. For an ink consumer like me, who wrote in other than English before coming here, the *S.R.L.* is like periodic guide to town.

AREJAS VITKAUSKAS
Middletown, O.

A Strange Delusion

SIR:—It was amusing to find "The Grave Diggers," by Pertinax, amongst the books which, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* "got America into the war." The author tells me that he is still working on the final proofs of the French edition, which is to be published here, and that he hopes the English edition will follow soon after. The rather too clever Nazi journalist must have obtained his information from one of the publisher's advance catalogues.

ALEX H. FAULKNER.
New York City, N. Y.

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The Marxist Theory of the State

THE THEORY OF CAPITALIST SOCIETY. By Paul Sweezey. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 378 *pp., notes and index.* $4.

Reviewed by CARL FRIEDRICH

MR. SWEEZEY'S book is a very competent statement of the basic position of Marx as developed by Lenin and other orthodox revolutionary Marxists. It is comprehensive and impersonal, yet pointed and uncompromising. It deals, parenthetically, with a good deal of the literature that has accumulated over the years, either criticizing or reinterpreting Marx's position. To do this, is a courageous thing for any member of an American university faculty, even if the university be Harvard. It will no doubt be seized upon by those who wish to prove that Harvard is a hotbed of radicalism, just as writings of the opposite tenor are taken to prove that the faculty is a body of reactionaries. (As a matter of statistical fact it may interest these viewers-with-alarm that the voting corresponds closely to that of the nation at large, as might be expected from so large a sample of the American people.) But while it proves little concerning the faculty except its tolerance—for the author has long been known for his Marxism among us—it does show conclusively that Sweezey is a Marxist through and through.

This book is unquestionably a fine achievement of an orderly and trenchant, if perhaps a bit unoriginal, mind. Sweezey succeeds in reducing the masses and mazes of argument and discussion on Marxist economics, sociology, and political science to a comprehensible pattern. Besides he sets forth the ideas in readable English. All this is a notable achievement of the academic mind. But it confronts the reviewer with a difficult dilemma. He might, of course, use the book as a point of departure for a discussion of Marxism and show why it is a false, erroneous doctrine. An impossible job in a book review. Or, on the other hand, if he be a Marxist of another school, quarrel with the author about his interpretation of Marx and Marxism. Certainly many a graduate or revisionist may feel the call to do so. But that, too, would seem a rather lengthy assignment. Or finally one might pick on various points of detail, thereby conveying a somewhat misleading impression of the book.

Choosing the last of these alternatives, I shall concentrate upon one main pillar of Sweezey's structure, his discussion of the "state." My excuse: the Marxist theory of government is the central weakness of Marxism. It is not too much to say that Marx was blindspotted in regard to the state. His Prussian antecedents, reinforced by British environment, provided him with that curious mixture of cynicism and idealism concerning government which has always been so striking a part of the political tradition in both Germany and Britain. In Germany it is represented by the Prussian, in Britain by the Tory imperialist. Both these minorities find their most ambitious expression in Hegel's political philosophy—the philosophy of "success with a halo." This tradition is cynical in believing that the "state" as the organization of the successful is the embodiment of supreme value, and it is idealist in believing such a supreme value to be realizable. Marx adopted and "reinterpreted" these two positions by asserting that the supreme value is economic power, the control of the means of production, and then splitting history into two halves. In the first half, up till now, the state as the organization of the successful was the executive committee of the dominant capitalist class, while in the second half, yet to come, the state "withers away" as economic power becomes collective.

This confused and unrealistic doctrine is repeated by Sweezey without any attempt at evaluating the reality of the Soviet Union where the governmental organization, far from withering away, has become more and more totalitarian and all-inclusive; the large body of writing concerned with this problem is passed over in silence. In order to buttress the Marxian position, Sweezey sets forth as the "liberal" theory of government what he calls a "class-mediation" theory of the state. According to him, this theory alleges that the state is established "in the interests of society as a whole for the purpose of mediating and reconciling the antagonisms" between class and class. This he thinks an unsound approach because it assumes that "the underlying class structure is an immutable datum." This so-called "liberal" theory is a straw man. Some "liberal" theories make such assumptions, but many other theories of government do not. Indeed, it has been the characteristic of some more recent theorists to question the utility of the state concept altogether. For this concept of the state was a semantic weapon in the hands of the rising monarchical governments of Western Europe and was skillfully used by their learned propagandists against both the church and the lower orders. It is for this reason that the concept never struck root in America and in England only during the last hundred years.

Paul Sweezey

It is therefore quite possible to agree with Sweezey's assertion that "we must ask: how did a particular class structure come into being . . . ?" and yet entirely disagree with his further assertion that "any particular state is the child of the class or classes in society which benefit from the set of property relations which it is the state's obligation to enforce." For the teaser in these propositions is the unproven major premise that "a given set of property relations serves to define and demarcate the class structure of society." But even were this assumption granted, it would still in no wise follow that "the state" had or felt any obligation to enforce a particular set of property relations. The history of government is a much less simple matter. The notion, so typical of nineteenth century Prussia and England, that there is always one and only one government in each given place or society is so often contrary to the actual facts that it might almost be considered a marginal case. Over long stretches of time different classes entrench themselves in different rival governments or in different parts of a government which is one in appearance only. At other times, those engaged in government are in no sense a class, but a conquering tribe or a militant religious group or just a plain gang engaged in getting what they can out of all the classes of a subjugated society. In his interesting summary of Marx's writing on the length of the working day as an illustration of how the state may be an economic instrument, Sweezey like most Marxists gives striking illustrations of how the "state," that is to say some part of the apparatus by which a society is governed, may be used to alter the existing system of property relations.

It would be interesting to discuss how these basic distortions work out

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in Sweezey's discussion of monopoly, world economics, and imperialism. There is here, as in all Marxist writing, much challenge and hence food for thought. It is certainly amusing to trace how a writer of Sweezey's ability, once having donned the red glasses of Marx's static class concept, sees everything in red without ever suspecting the glasses. It is particularly striking in the analysis of fascism. A good many Marxists have been troubled by this phenomenon. After all, it was not clearly foreseen by Marx, though in commenting on the dictatorship of the third Napoleon he said some important and prophetic things. But Sweezey is not troubled. To him, fascism is simply a form of imperialism. He quotes Lenin with approval as having anticipated the psychology which "fosters and encourages the growth of a fascist movement," although as a matter of fact Lenin, in the sentences quoted by Sweezey, displays the typical Marxist underestimate of the bourgeois, for he writes that "the small proprietor . . . becomes extremely revolutionary, but is incapable of displaying perseverance, ability to organize, discipline, and firmness." Would that this had been so; unfortunately the history of fascism proves exactly the opposite. Sweezey proceeds to treat fascism as a rear guard action of declining capitalism, and having done so finds, of course, that fascism cannot "eliminate the contradictions of capitalism." Yet fascism is not inevitable. It "arises only out of a situation in which the structure of capitalism has been severely injured and yet not overthrown. . . . So far as history allows us to judge a prolonged and 'unsuccessful' war is the only social phenomenon sufficiently catastrophic in its effect to get in train this particular chain of events" which leads to fascism. He is undoubtedly right in his conclusion, but I doubt whether the reasons he gives are adequate. Here as everywhere, in Marxist fashion, Sweezey emphasizes the economic aspects of the situation to the almost complete neglect of all others. No doubt the economic factors are of very great importance, but there are other social, religious, technological, and more especially political factors involved.

In a concluding chapter Sweezey sketches the prospects of world capitalism. Briefly put, he considers them poor. If you accept his basic premises, you will be forced to agree with him. It is the advantage of any dichotomy that it allows of only two alternatives. Having posited the choice of either capitalism or socialism, Sweezey finds it easy to prove the good prospects of socialism by showing how poor are the prospects of capitalism. Automatically, and without further proof, the prospects of socialism become good. But suppose the prospects of socialism also are poor? Suppose the dichotomy of capitalism-socialism is arbitary and hypothetical? Obviously then our views of the future will become less dogmatically certain. It may even be conceivable that Marxism, far from being very radical, assumes a rather staid and mid-Victorian countenance. Karl Marx and his conspiratorial gatherings of the First International may appear just as much a part of an age definitely past and gone as the world exhibitions of St. Louis and Paris. They were both built on the unquestioned belief in material progress. That childlike faith is vanishing fast in the twentieth century. Fascism is a last desperate reaching out for the millenium, the "new order," pre-planned to last a thousand years. But in the forces united to put down this madness there is evidence of a new spirit. The West is becoming mature. That's why Britain, Russia, and America can combine and follow China. No wild enthusiasm for a dawning millenium—a tempered sense of the good life: I am afraid there is little sign that Dr. Sweezey has come to grips with the real forces that are molding the future outside of the economic realm.

Mental Calisthenics

MATHEMATICAL RECREATIONS. By Maurice Kraitchik. New York: W. W. Norton. 1942. 328 *pp. and index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

GOETHE once remarked, in "Dichtung und Wahrheit," that Formal Logic was a pretentious statement of intellectual arrangements without which any human being would be put into an asylum or a cemetery at an age before he had an opportunity to meet a professor of philosophy. Still, there is such a thing as Mental Calisthenics—pugilists find it advisable to skip ropes or lie on their backs and kick their heels in the air without any object of their professional mayhem in the remote vicinity. The various exercises and exertions of abstract mathematics possibly furnish similar hygiene and development for the little gray cells, to borrow from Hercule Poirot.

Professor Kraitchik has assembled here a generous collection of the mathematical quirks and strip-teases that have occurred to three thousand years of poker-players in mortar-boards. Apart from the problems that definitely have to do with probabilities, as in the sections on poker, chess, and dice, there are very interesting historical implications in the book—the "ancient problems" which most high school freshmen can solve now by the employment of those revealing characters "a," "b," "y" and "x," for example. Some of these are from Chuquet, who had probably fudged a little from the new science of Algebra—Al Ghebr—invented within the century by the superb but decaying Mohammedans in neighboring Spain. The problems from Clavius, who was writing at the same time as Shakespeare, are of the same nature and suggest that the spread of algebraic knowledge in Europe was not very extensive between Isabella and Elizabeth; say, a trifle over a century.

Professor Kraitchik puts this down as historical matter; one can find enough occupation in the permutational probabilities of chess, dominoes, or any of the standard games of chance to fill one's leisure for a decade or so.

The book is written by a former Professor of Mathematics at the University of Brussels, now with the New School for Social Research in New York. The simple and sincere thanks he gives to his country of refuge in his preface are worth reading, whether one knows a modulo from a Heronian parallelogram or not, or wants to bother to find out.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. In "The Gloria Scott Case," by Conan Doyle. Sherlock Holmes deciphered this message by reading every third word.
2. "Patterns," by Amy Lowell.
3. From Maria, wife of Don Luis, to Denis Moore, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
4. One of "The Love Letters of Smith," by H. C. Bunner.
5. From Max Eisenstein of San Francisco to Martin Schulse of Munich, in "Address Unknown," by Kressman Taylor.
6. "The Letter," by Somerset Maugham.
7. From the Interurban Express Company to Mike Flannery, in "Pigs Is Pigs," by Ellis Parker Butler.
8. In "The Three Musketeers," by Dumas, the musketeers took this letter from Charlotte de Winter and executed her on the strength of it.
9. From Marjorie Jones to Penrod Schofield, in "Penrod," by Booth Tarkington.
10. The handwriting on the wall interpreted by Daniel for Belshazzar, in Daniel, 5.

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TRADE Winds

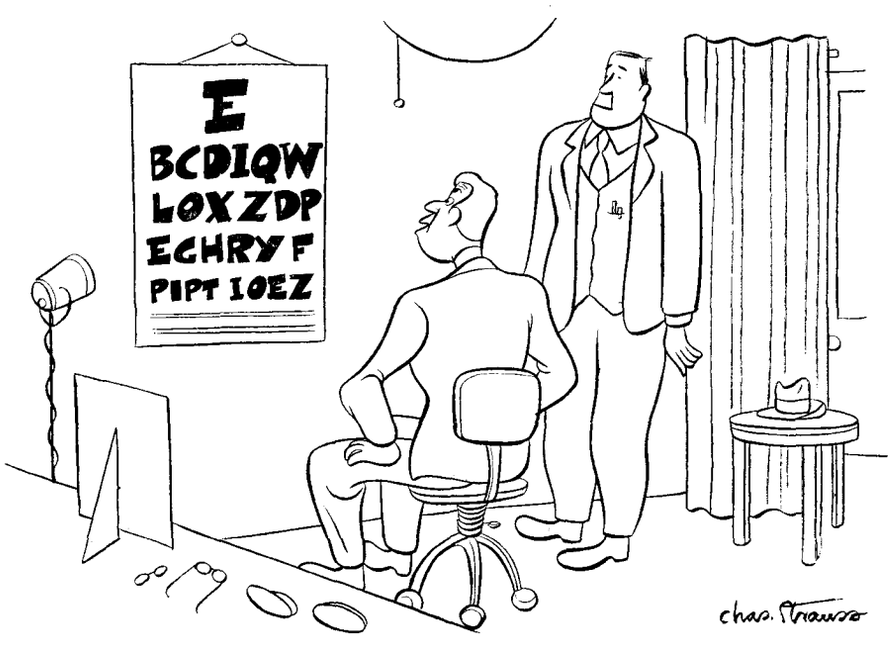
OUR ESTEEMED PARTNER, Robert K. Haas, the silver-tongued orator of Scarsdale, New York, has found among his souvenirs a copy of a speech that he delivered before the P.E.N. Club on October 24, 1929, when he was the President of the Book-of-the-Month Club. What interested us particularly, besides the Grover Whalenesque cadences of his limpid prose, was the list of the first twelve selections of the Club, beginning in April, 1926. Here they are, in the order named: "Lolly Willowes," by Sylvia Townsend Warner; "Teeftallow," by T. S. Stribling; "O, Genteel Lady," by Esther Forbes; "The Saga of Billy the Kid," by Walter Nobel Burns; "The Silver Spoon," by John Galsworthy; "Show Boat," by Edna Ferber; "The Time of Man," by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; "The Romantic Comedians," by Ellen Glasgow; "The Orphan Angel," by Elinor Wylie; "The Heart of Emerson's Journal," edited by Bliss Perry; "Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig, and "Elmer Gantry," by Sinclair Lewis. Highlights of the second year were "Revolt in the Desert," by T. E. Lawrence, and "Abraham Lincoln," by Carl Sandburg; of the third year, "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benét, and "Kristin Lavransdatter," by Sigrid Undset. By this time the membership had grown from 4,000 to over 100,000. . . . The judges from the very beginning have been Dorothy Canfield, Heywood Broun, Henry Canby, William Allen White, and Christopher Morley. The vacancy caused by Broun's death has not been filled. Bob Haas and Harry Scherman assured them at the outset that commercial considerations need play no part in determining monthly choices; they were convinced when not one word of protest greeted their announcement of "Lolly Willowes" as the first selection, although its popular appeal was obviously limited. Today, a Book-of-the-Month Club award means a minimum of thirty-five thousand dollars each to the fortunate author and publisher; usually, the sum is very much higher. Even a dual selection is likely to net an author more than twenty thousand dollars. We remember the day we told Sally Benson that "Junior Miss" had been selected. Sally let out a whoop of delight, and rushed out to buy a new convertible. Another author fainted when he heard similar glad tidings. Bill Saroyan said, "What? Only a dual?" . . .

A NEWSPAPER in Georgia awards an annual prize to the champion liar of the year, although we understand that native governors are barred. This year's winner averred that "Georgia soil is so rich that when we throw corn to the chickens, they have to catch it on the fly or eat it off the stalk." Nunnally Johnson, the smartest producer on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, if not in all Hollywood, is a Georgia product. So is Erskine Caldwell. One evening an indignant Atlantan confronted Johnson. "I ask you to bear me out, suh, that our fair state of Geo'gia has never known perverts and morons like the characters in those libelous abominations, 'Tobacco Road' and 'God's Little Acre!'" "Why, in the part of the state I come from," answered Nunnally softly, "we regard the people Mr. Caldwell writes about as the country club set!" . . .

CALDWELL'S NEW NOVEL, "All Night Long," lacks almost every quality that made his earlier books memorable. It is a hackneyed and clumsy blood-and-thunder story about a group of Russian guerrillas who never come to life for a moment, and is climaxed by a ridiculous scene in which a group of naked girls are rescued from a Nazi brothel. Caldwell has always been one of the favorite authors of this department, and we resent his stooping to such obvious claptrap. The over-ballyhooed play, "The Russian People," by a twenty-seven-year-old Soviet dramatist named Simonov, was even more disappointing than "All Night Long." Clifford Odets labored mightily with the American version, and the Theatre Guild spared nothing in the production, but the net result was still a wooden and boring charade, occasionally enlivened by an effective episode, but leaving a final impression of a lot of uncomfortable actors galloping in and out of the wings, brandishing tin bayonets, and dying as close to the center of the stage as their valiant comrades would permit. Russian feats of arms in recent months have been so brilliant and so inspiring, it would seem that attempts to translate them into fiction or drama appear ridiculous. Our own authors, certainly, should stick to subjects they understand. . . .

THE FUNNIEST SHOW that we have seen in a long, long time is "The Doughgirls," an irreverent and rowdy play about wartime Washington by Joe Fields. So far as we are concerned, the highlight of the evening comes when a doughty admiral, grateful for being allowed to sleep on a couch in the living room for a couple of nights, presents his hostess with a parting present. It's a gold epaulet, and the admiral assures the lady that he wore it at the 1902 Army-Navy football game. The lady views it dubiously and muses, "Now who do I know with only one shoulder?" To show you how these slam-bang farces are concocted, the entire role of the admiral was created in one of the last weeks of the try-out tour for the sole purpose of providing a second act curtain. . . .

RICHARD LLEWELLYN, the Welsh author who hit the jackpot a few seasons ago with "How Green Was My Valley," will have his new novel published by Macmillan in April. It is called "None but the Lonely Heart"



"I give up, Doc—what does it say?"

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and the scene is far from his native Wales—the London slums, as a matter of fact. He employs what his publishers call "a strange Cockney idiom." They also state that his full name is Richard David Vivian Llewellyn Lloyd . . . . Another Macmillan Spring novel is "Here Comes Sylvia," the story of a young nurse in Crete during the German invasion, by the Cecil Roberts who wrote the best-selling "And So Victoria." We would rather read Cecil Roberts than listen to him lecture. One of our pet allergies is visiting English authors who affect striped pants and wing collars, and greet their audience with the time-honored "Just before coming up in the lift I enjoyed some of your American hospitality in the form of a couple of—I believe you call them cocktails." They know darn well we call them cocktails. In our experience, furthermore, they will drink any given number. . . .

ALBERT LASKER, who retired recently from the presidency of the mighty Lord and Thomas advertising agency, began his business career as a baseball reporter. With William Wrigley, Jr., he controlled the Chicago Cubs for years. In 1920, after the "Black Sox" scandal, he was instrumental in the appointment of Judge Kenesaw Landis as baseball commissioner. The Judge is a pompous and arbitrary old party, but he certainly has kept the so-called national game's skirts free of further pollution during his lengthy regime. Mr. Lasker is one of the original boosters for Alexander Seversky, and can defend the airman's theories very much more eloquently than Seversky himself. . . . We have had series on American states, cities, seaports, and rivers. Vanguard has launched a new one on American mountains. The first title is "The Friendly Mountains," edited by Roderick Peattie. The second will be a survey of the Southern Appalachians. . . . A long cherished dream of our own is a series of little New York chap-books, each of which would chronicle an outstanding event in the history of the metropolis. One, for instance, would tell the story of the Blizzard of 1888, another the arrival of the first steamboat from abroad, another the *General Slocum* disaster, and so forth. Our associates refuse to enthuse. Have readers of this column any opinions on the subject? . . .

HAROLD GUINZBURG, on leave of absence from the Viking Press, has been in England for the O.W.I. . . . Cass Canfield is working harder in Washington than ever he did at Harper's. We didn't know until the other evening that Cass's roommate at Oxford had been Anthony Eden, nor that, shortly afterwards, he had spent an entire year on a walking trip through little-travelled regions in China. . . . We hear that the *Reader's Digest* will soon appear in French and Swedish. The Spanish and Portuguese editions are romping merrily along. The American edition's circulation is approaching the ten million mark. There never has been anything like it in magazine history. . . . A new book entitled "The Iron Heart" is said to be receiving enthusiastic notices throughout Germany. It was written by a man named Dr. Josef Goebbels. The C.B.S. short wave listening station recorded the announcement that "the first edition of this great work was sold out in advance. Dr. Goebbels resisted all entreaties to serialize it in German papers, since he does not want to make the press uniform!!" . . . The War Writers Board is considering active support for the promotion of "Is Germany Incurable?" which Lippincott will publish next month. The author is Dr. Richard Buckner, a psychiatrist. . . .

NOW THAT HORSE-MEAT is about to be marketed nationally, Edith Gwynn expects to hear one race-tracker greet another with "Who d'ya like at Safeway today?" . . . Oscar Levant tells about the minister in New York who phoned a minister in California. "Is this a station-to-station call?" queried the operator. "No," replied the reverend. "It's parson-to-parson."

BENNETT CERF.

The second of a series of American Book Hours organized under the joint auspices of Books Across the Sea and the English Speaking Union, was held recently in London. The subject of the Hour was books on American history. The speaker was Professor Brogan, whose career as historian is well known, and his talk was followed by a review of an interesting range of historical books. Professor Brogan's new book, "The English People," an illuminating analysis intended especially for Americans, will shortly be published in this country.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 459)

ROBERT BROWNING:
ONE WORD MORE

. . . . Of all the artists living, loving
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
.....
Once, and only once, and for one only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

DEWITT WALLACE
EDITOR OF
Reader's Digest SAYS:

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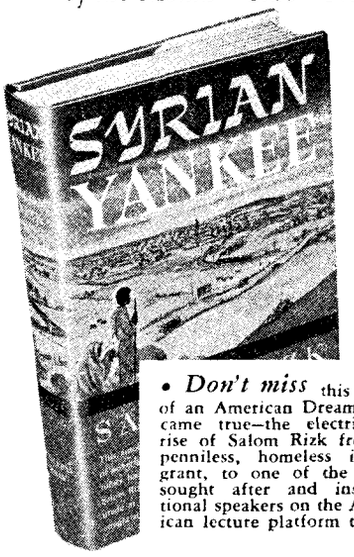

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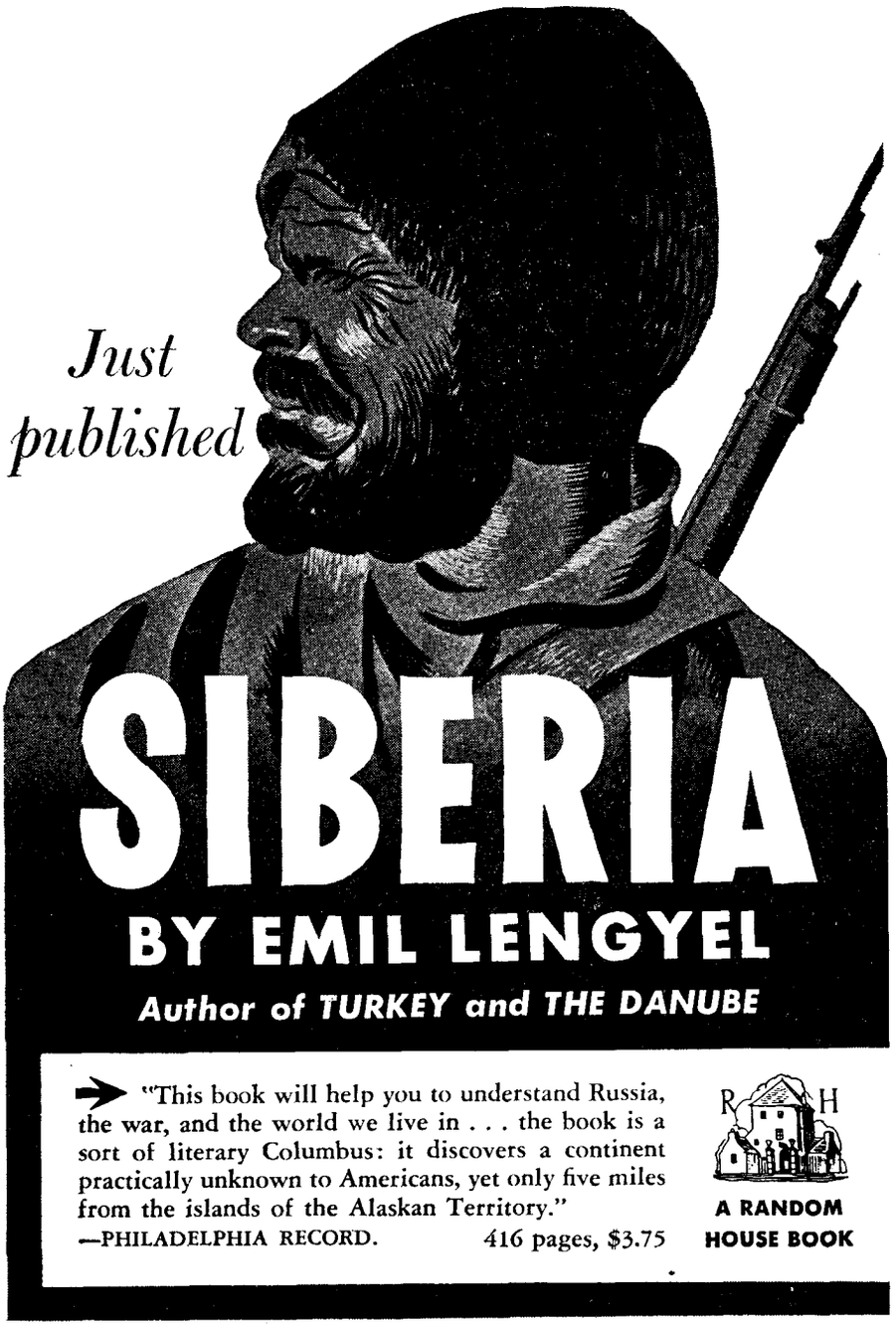
(*Continued from page* 4)

racy can corrupt, and has corrupted the masses. Corruption, degeneracy, pettiness, both physical and spiritual, were too plainly visible to Whitman in the United States of 1871, and to us in, say, the France of 1940. In both there was a failure to function by the democratic masses, a failure to produce democratic leadership. The United States pulled through that crisis, perhaps we were too busy getting rich when getting rich was easy, to develop what Whitman calls "invaders."

But they came in the hard times of the 1930's, found a weary, devitalized democracy abroad, and picked off nations that seemed to be strong, one by one, like rotting apples from a tree. Is Whitman's prophecy of a great democratic future good? We hope so. Was he a good prophet in his recital of the dangers to democracy lying just ahead? His prophecy was bitterly good, because bitterly true. A relatively small group of self-seeking politicians and militarists saw that the prosperous democracies had lost some of their vitality. The "savage virtues" which Whitman insisted were essential for a revolutionary and for an evolutionary democracy had given way to complacency and security. The individual no longer felt responsible for his government, nor the government for more than the security of the individual. The sense of brotherhood among the common people had lessened. We were torn by ideologies and even the most liberal were more concerned with distributing wealth than with making first-rate men. So, the invaders first corrupted their own people, then turned with sneer, suggestion, and threat, to the nearest democracies. Now they threaten the New World.

Yes, it was true prophecy. When Woodrow Wilson tried to make the world safe for democracy, these weaknesses were not so well understood, nor was Whitman as a poet of democracy rightly interpreted by those who read him. Now, both what he was defending and what he was fearing are much easier to believe in. The world, as he knew then, and as we see now, is safe enough for the right kind of democracy, for the right kind of democracy encourages freedom, expansion, self-expression, and also ideals of service and vitality among the individuals who create it. But the world will always be unsafe for a complacent, an appeasing, an unrealized, or a dead democracy, whatever our prosperity, or the apparent success of our political and economic institutions.

Whitman's final definition of democracy, as we find it in the "Vistas," contains, as a great concept should, the blood, sweat, and tears of personal experience, as well as shrewd observation of what was happening to the American state. It was only after his years among the sick and wounded in the Civil War hospitals of Washington, that he really learned to know the common people of his country and especially its youth. There they were by thousands, worn, ill, or dying; and, literally, for thousands he became an intimate friend. From that time on, whenever he wrote of nationality and democracy, he thought of these young men from all over the states, a concrete, living democracy of the plain people, which he respected and loved. To his formula for democracy he added fraternity, friendship, affection, love. Love was the only antiseptic for the hate, the superiority, the condescension, the narrow selfishness which were congenital in mankind. A fraternal love, or at least affection, must be the cement of democracy. And this, of course, harmonizes with his ideas of self-development. The individual for whom democracy is conducted must know how to love and be loved, or the house of the state is built upon sterile sands. What literature claims for the heroes and the great lovers, Whitman demands as an ideal for the common man. There can be no enduring democracy without emotional freedom, which should be added to the four freedoms of President Roosevelt. For the man or woman emotionally free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and fully developed will be easily directed towards love, rather than hate, of his fellow creatures. The need for love, like the need of political freedom, must be satisfied by a successful democracy. Was Whitman soundly prophetic in this? I think so, for in our own day the enemies of democracies have used, as the spear-head of their attack, the cult of hate.

This then is Whitman's idealism for democracy. But I wish to emphasize that, while it is idealistic, it is in no sense visionary. It is the program of a man who, better than any other of our writers, knew how politics work and was himself a professional in the art and science of public opinion. It is a program most difficult of realization, but it is not visionary. There is no blue-print for a Utopia in Whitman. His ideas are flexible, often indefinite, but they are based on what became an extraordinarily wide and intuitive knowledge of the heart of the common people, and it may well be true that only along the path he indicates can democracy succeed. One remembers that the real visionaries of the twenties of this century were not the idealists, but the supposedly practical and hard-headed industrialists, financiers, and politicians who have been proved by the depression and the war to have been dreamers, whose fantasies of progress were not even good dreams, and emphatically did not come true. It may well be that Whitman's prophetic optimism for democracy is as well founded and well directed as his prophetic pessimism has already proved itself to be in these distressing years.

And yet it would be unfair to Whitman not to note that his passionate faith in democracy is mystical as well as practical. It is clear now that he was one of the great rebels of the nineteenth century. He did not rebel against the science which made that century famous. He rebelled against the gross and premature materialism which resulted from the supposed discovery that man and nature were both superior mechanisms, subject like dead matter to measurement and complete explanation by physical and chemical laws. We are aware now that this is not true, even of inert matter, but we are still in the swing downward away from religion and faith which has been responsible for so much in the cynical present. Whitman, never a dogmatist, was in rebellion against all this. Science, for him, was the great hope of the future, but it was ultimately a mysticism, as it is to most of the great physicists today. Democracy, for him, was also ultimately a religion, based upon the spiritual worth of the individual soul, upon what he called identity, which lay beyond analysis and had to be accepted by faith. It is this which gives passion to his prophecies, and this which may very possibly account for the truth of his intuitions.

There is much of this in "Democratic Vistas," but it is best expressed in that very great poem "Passage to India," written about the same time, a poem which contains, so he said, more of himself than any other. "Passage to India" begins with joy in material progress. In 1869, the Suez Canal had been opened to join Europe to Asia, and in the same year our transcontinental railroad had linked the Atlantic with the Pacific. Now there could be free movement and easy contact between the ancient lands where our imagination had been formed and the New World where man's long probation might end in a new society more hopeful than any yet seen.

The works of engineers were a new step in that adventure which Columbus and Vasco da Gama and other pioneers had begun. Their attempts at passage to India were symbolic of human aspiration, as India itself was symbolic. This restless seeking was in the nature of human kind and the cause of its progress. It was an evolution of the eager, crescent mind irrepressibly pushing toward a liberation from ignorance, doubt, fear, and superstition. Not a Darwinian evolution, conditioned by necessity and circum-

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stance, but rather a Hegelian evolution, dependent upon an idea, which is to say, upon will and hope and love.

Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
Cut the howsers—haul out—shake out every sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking like mere brutes?
Have we not darken'd and daz'd ourselves with books long enough?
Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only.

Alfred Tennyson's "Ulysses," in the poem written a score of years earlier, sailed west toward the Americas to satisfy his Puritan desire for achievement, and in the spirit of the empire builders, Whitman's soul, "his actual me," as he called it, sails east to complete the rondure of the world, the wedding of the various races, the welding of the lands. Its spirit is internationalist. For men were to learn in this passage to India that they were all the younger brothers of God, potentially equal among themselves, potentially a brotherhood. Thus, as always with Whitman, the ultimate values of democracy, like the ultimate values of sex, are to be spiritual and represent the only divinity he knows by personal knowledge, the divine in man.

Readers of "Democratic Vistas" and this noble poem will never be content again with easy generalizations about Whitman's idealistic optimism. His vision of democracy as the guardian of personality, the nurse of individual growth, seems overconfident until one discovers how much more he knew of the danger and diseases of democracy than even the ablest of his critics. Politics and economics are for him only means for preserving the essential freedoms, and here he differs sharply from his admirers among left-wing moderns, who have vainly tried to pin their labels on his book. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. If democracy grows hoggish, it is no longer important that its government is democratic. Neither a congress nor a constitution makes a democracy, but only the nature of the individuals in the state. These are his warnings; but his faith in democracy is still more important. "To be a voter with the rest is not so much . . . but to become an enfranchised man, . . . to stand stark without humiliation, and equal with the rest; to have the road cleared to commence the grand experiment, whose end (perhaps requiring several generations) may be the forming of a full-grown man or woman—that *is* something." Because in modern times only such an achievement can "ballast" and make secure a state worth living in, worth fighting for.

Genesis with a Difference

LOT'S WIFE. By Max Eastman. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 47 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

MR. EASTMAN'S new version of the old, unhappy tale of Lot and his family, first told in Genesis, is loud and vulgar. It is also clever, often amusing, always glibly readable, coarsely effective in many passages, and poetically affecting in a few. Mr. Eastman must have had great fun writing it, and only the squeamish will have no fun reading it. Those who complain of the obscurity of much recent verse will find nothing to complain of here. The author declares in his prefatory lines that he has no sympathy with the "modern poets" who "cultivate the mental slur" and "make of poetry a blur"; he is determined, "like Caedmon," to "cast out" his "almost shame of being clear." And clear he is, in strong words, lively images, and facile rhymes.

Something of the narrative's tone may be gathered from its opening lines:

With belch and scratch and roar and a Godlike frown,
Lot sat in the gates of Sodom and bossed the town.
He bossed all day and everything with life,
Men, dogs, priests, camels, donkeys, daughters, wife.
All nobler things a fierce allegiance paid him;
Only the fleas and bed-bugs disobeyed him.

But only something. As we proceed, the tone becomes mixed and merry. Echoes of Byron's wit and Juvenal's vocabulary mingle with reminders of Bill Nye's histories and Erskine's modernized "classics," plus snatches of humor that might grace a gents' smoker. Room is also found for a summary of Roger Babson's statistics regarding church attendance in the United States. And, obviously, slang is the poet's pride and joy, his refuge and his strength. Slang swarms. The "priest-policemen," who cow the Sodom toughs, are "Lot's dicks," while the men, or angels, from Abraham's camp are "pious hicks." The author calls Lot a "Hill Billy" and his God a "Hill Billy God," while the Sodom mob addresses him even less respectfully:

"You stinking immigrant!" "You grease-ball clown!"
"You interloping migratory bum!"
"Who set you up to boss this modern town?"
"Where did you get that bung-hole accent from?"

(The Sodomites become more picturesque in their language, but quotations therefrom might not lie happily on the periodical tables of our nicer public libraries.) Lot realizes "he must take the rap," and after escaping from the doomed city he picks up two square stones, names one Thummin and the other Urim, and rolls them "somewhat as we roll the bones," as a "quick technique for letting God assure him" he is "on the beam."

So much for the manner. And the matter? Well, it is Genesis with a difference. Lot is a God-possessed reformer, unable to resist the stinking lure of cities, who, for forty years has made his wife the double victim of his sexual ardor and his religious mania. To his daughters, nubile and eager, he has denied life and love, driving "his girls like ponies through the town,/Or like two glistening bitches on a leash;/And eyes like doggies followed." Acting as the self-appointed agent of his puritanical hill-billy God, he has made the folk of Sodom hate him with a welling hate. Then come the angelic visitors from Abraham's camp, and Sodom's night of doom. Then, too, comes the one moment of revolt and freedom for Lot's wife, as the fleeing family stands upon a hill above the burning city and she, defying God's command as voiced by her husband, looks back and looks her fill. And speaks her fill, telling her daughters, as Lambert Strether told little Bilham, that "Life's first commandment is that we shall live it." After that she dies, in this version, at her outraged husband's hands; while he and his daughters go on to Zoar, and to the cave above Zoar, where, as the girls are about to bring down upon their father's head "Life's vengeance, love's, our mother's who is dead," the author takes his leave of them.

Mr. Eastman informs us that the materials of this narrative were supplied to his imagination "by an extensive reading of scientific history, anthropology and archeology, as well as of the Bible itself, and by a visit to Palestine undertaken for the purpose." This makes it clear that he takes "Lot's Wife" very seriously. I cannot do that. According to my judgment, he rises to true poetry briefly in the hill scene above burning Sodom, and in a few scattered lines, but the rest is verse of dubious value, no matter how successfully it may provide ephemeral entertainment for certain readers, among whom I am happy to be numbered.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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California Pioneer

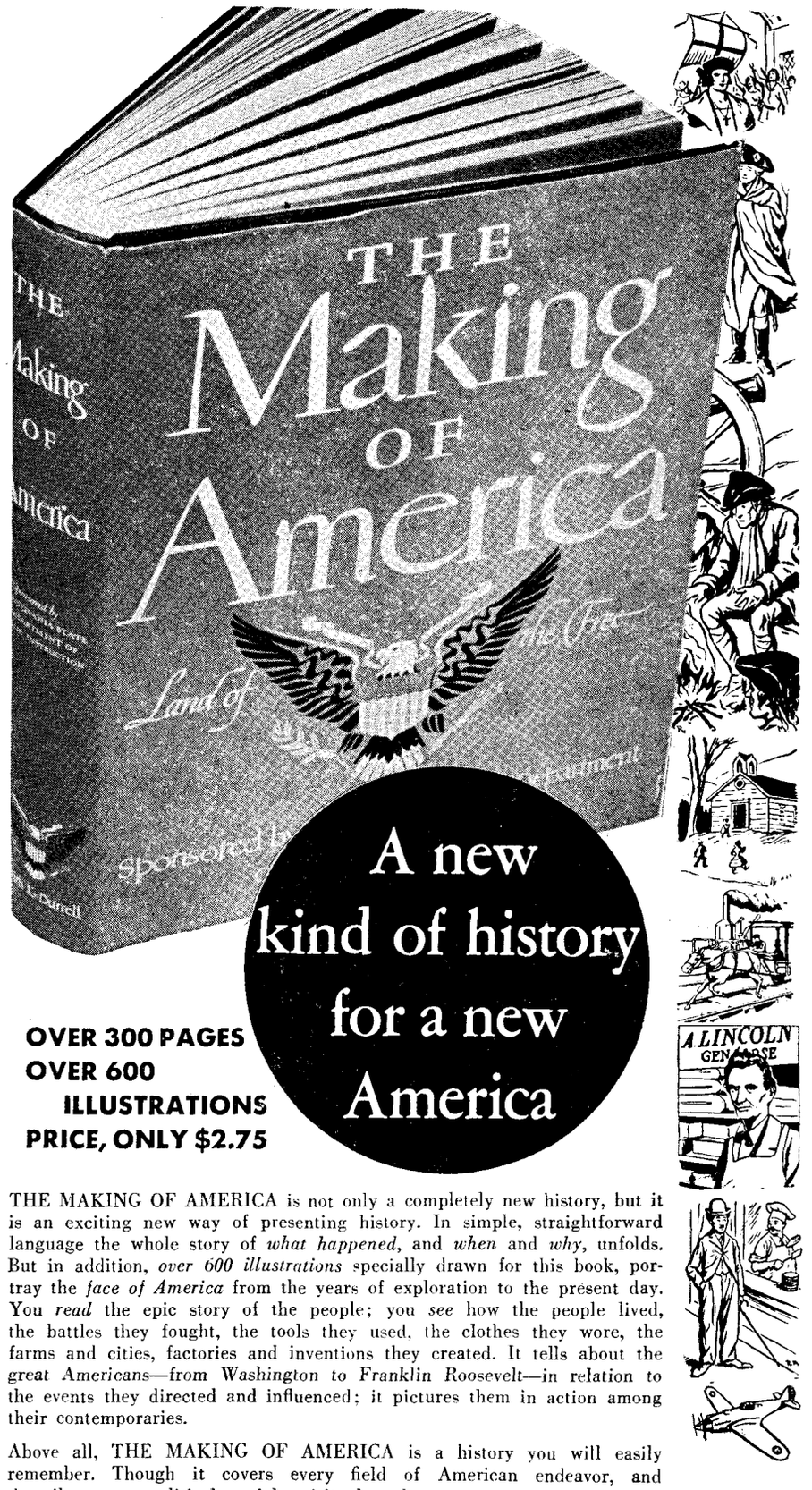
JOHN BIDWELL: Prince of California Pioneers. By Rockwell D. Hunt. Caldwell, Ida.: Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1942. 463 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

TO persons at large with active memories of the preceding century the name "Bidwell" will suggest the man who was the National Prohibition Party candidate for the Presidency in 1892, when Cleveland was elected to a second term. In California the name brings up Bidwell's Bar of the Feather River and the gold-rush period, and the town of Chico in Butte County of the Upper Sacramento Valley, perpetuating his old-time extensive Rancho del Arroyo Chico noted for his stately Mansion, his care for the Indian retainers, his gracious benevolent wife who was Annie Kennedy of Washington, daughter of the Superintendent of the Census, 1860; his decision not to grow wine grapes, permit ranch work on Sunday, or serve liquor or cigars.

As a true pioneer he came out to California with the first overland emigrant wagon train to enter it—that of the Bartleson-Bidwell company, 1841; was early employed by the already notable John Augustus Sutter of Sutter's Fort on the American River incomers' trail down to the Sacramento. He died, aged eighty, in 1900, having been Congressman from California, for the Union Party, 1865-1867; defeated in several campaigns for governor, on various tickets; of prominence in prohibition and agriculture; a donor of rancho land for the town site and for educational enterprises; and a contributor, especially to the *Century Magazine,* of valuable articles upon the Spanish California that he well knew. He was of imposing stature, immaculate dress, mild but firm character. Dr. Hunt writes from a personal acquaintance and with ardor for details.

The Book-of-the-Month Club recently took a poll of critics on the outstanding books of 1942. The books chosen were in order of preference as follows: Fiction: (1) The Moon Is Down, (2) The Song of Bernadette, (3) The Seventh Cross, (4) Dragon Seed, (5) Look To The Mountain, (6) The Pied Piper, (7) And Now Tomorrow, (8) The Just and The Unjust, (9) Signed With Their Honour, (10) Hostages. Non-Fiction: (1) They Were Expendable, (2) Cross Creek, (3) Flight to Arras, (4) Victory Through Air Power, (5) The Last Time I Saw Paris, (6) Mission to Moscow, (7) See Here, Private Hargrove, (8) Paul Revere and The World He Lived In, (9) The Raft, (10) Last Train from Berlin.



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The Phoenix Nest

DOWN in Fredericksburg, Virginia, George Warren Arms and several others are now into the third number of a little pamphlet magazine, *The Explicator*. Its motto is "The last verse . . . . is not yet sufficiently explicated"—Dryden. It is to serve as a clearing-house for "explication de texte" and the exact address is Box 1247, College Station. It costs a dollar a year. In our copy are "explicated" Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress," Blake's "The Tiger," and points made about other poems. The institutions of learning represented by those writing in from colleges are Williams, Cornell, Skidmore, and George Washington University. We'll give the editors something to work on right now. We'd like a copper-rivetted and thoroughly plausible elucidation of a poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson called "The Whip." We have always found it one of the most baffling poems, as to what actually happened, that we have ever read.

The kindness of our Dear Ole Pal, Bennett Cerf, in turning over to us the following ballade, leads us to admit that he really never did call us up on Christmas Eve! It was a couple of other miscreants impersonating him. However, their names and occupations are well known to us, and whenever they look out of their windows from behind the curtains, and see a mysterious individual in a black cloak and a red beard sitting in a yellow taxi-cab waiting for them to come out, that will be us! Meanwhile, we give you the following contribution. Mr. Oehser sends it from the Smithsonian Institute in Washington:

Ballade of the Thwarted Scholar

They say that I'm a man of erudition
Exceeded only by my scholarship;
Shakespeare and Dante, Newton, Goethe, Titian:
Theirs is the nectar that I love to sip.
Daily I take my cyclopedic dip;
Daily the powers of nescience I rout,
Except there always is this little slip—
The volume that I want is always out.

Librarians I place in deep suspicion;
I wonder how they know what book to skip.
Why should they want to frustrate my ambition
And make me make another special trip?
I am not one to tear their tomes or rip
The bindings from the backs; I am devout
With books, and yet—this is no idle quip—
The volume that I want is always out.

Though nought shall quell my literary mission
To gather truth and ignorance outstrip,
I can't fill up the gaps by intuition.
Don't you agree with me that it's a gyp?
Oh, let them take from me this little tip,
Which, if they're kind, they will not dare to flout:
Let them fill up their shelves until they drip
With volumes that I found were always out.

L'Envoi

Friends, now's the time, I think, for coalition:
This is the bottleneck we all must clout!
I state the fact again in sad contrition—
The volume that I want is always out.

PAUL H. OEHSER.

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Whence We Turn—

From Colonel Rupert Hughes at the Headquarters, Southern Division, of the California State Guard, we have had a very pleasant note thanking us for recalling to readers his early story for boys, "The Lakerim Athletic Club." He says, in part:

> That was the first of my countless serials, and it was published in book form in 1898. And only this month—forty-four years later—I received a royalty of $2.70 on it! That ain't hay, but it is a pleasant posy in times like these.

It was Muriel S. Kendrick of Laconia, New Hampshire, who sent us an advertisement of *The Black Cat* in an old *McClure's* of 1896, from which we took the cat's picture that adorned this department two issues back. We thank her!

Webb Waldron, special staff writer for *The Reader's Digest,* makes the following excellent point:

> You speak of the Society for the Promulgation of Kirk Munroe. Is there a Society for the Perpetuation of George Manville Fenn? If not, there should be. I can remember when "Brownsmith's Boy," "Quicksilver," and "Mother Carey's Chickens" were the greatest books in the world. G. A. Henty was good—though apt to be a bit dull, Kirk Munroe was better, but George Manville Fenn was tops.

"Passionate Creatures"

Mrs. Hendee Rice of Hartford, Connecticut, had a clipping from an old *Munsey's* review of the sizzling poetess we quoted awhile ago, with her clever use of "*ma cher.*" A friend sent Mrs. Rice a quote from Chapter IV of a novel called "The Tiger of Dayfair" by Henry Holt. This memorable passage runs as follows:

> **She could be a passionate creature, ready to drain deeply every cup that life had to offer; in her veins flower the blood of valiant forebears. And something within her** had just snapped like a carrot.

The Discontented Stonecutter

Willis A. Boughton of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, sends us in the following:

In the early nineties I read a short story in the *St. Nicholas Magazine* that was unforgettable. It was called, I believe, "The Discontented Stonecutter," and was written by someone with a military title whose name I do not recall. In the 1920's it still seemed impressive, and I sent my carefully kept copy to Bob Emery for use on one of his radio children's hour programs. It has since appeared in various forms and seems likely to become a minor classic. Can the Phoenix Nest, or perhaps one of its readers, tell me whether the *St. Nicholas* version was the original, or whether the legend goes back still further? In brief outline it ran something like the following:

> In a remote shore province of Japan lived a morose little mason who often rowed out to a nearby island of rock to chip away a block of granite for use in his trade. Because of his surliness and constant complaints he came to be known in the village as the discontented stonecutter.
>
> One day while at his work on the great rock the boat of a rich merchant passed swiftly by, and the lit-

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tle stonecutter was immediately bitter with envy. "If I were only that merchant," he thought, "I should be able to lord it over all those ignorant villagers who make fun of me."

As if waking from a dream he found himself reclining on a soft couch in the swiftly moving boat of the merchant. His wish had miraculously been granted. "Ah," he thought happily, "Now I shall live. No one will tell me what to do and what not to do."

Scarcely had this thought sweetened his spirit when his rowers sheered off suddenly and nearly upset the boat. He sat up angrily, but saw then the barge of the governor rapidly bearing down on him. Once more bitter envy possessed him. "I see that even a rich merchant can be imposed on," he muttered. "Now if I were only that governor—." And again the miracle happened. He found himself on the luxurious barge, bowed to and served with the most fragrant tea. Again life seemed complete.

As he disembarked, however, he and his entourage were rudely brushed into the filth of the gutter by armed soldiers. "Make way for the prince," they cried. And in the stonecutter's heart the old story was repeated, of envy, the inevitable wish and the miraculous fulfilment.

But the prince, he soon found, was curbed and heckled by the dominating will of the emperor. And when the miracle made him lord of Japan, his wish to hunt was thwarted by a sun so hot as to endanger his very life.

When he became the sun, to show his power he mercilessly beat down on the land until a kindly rain cloud swept up from the horizon to protect and moisten the parched earth and relieve the suffering people.

Again he had found something stronger than his own will. So he became that storm and raged up and down the land, flooding the fields and streams and gloating in his apparently limitless power. He was thus master of all destinies until he came to a greater rock on the sea shore—somehow familiar. On this he beat his torrents in vain, and again found his will denied.

To become that rock seemed the ultimate goal; and when, on his wish he became that imponderable mass, he lay in the waves and found himself untouched by wind, storm, and sun, and he believed that at last he was strongest of all.

But one morning a little man in a rowboat came out from the shore and commenced to chisel a fragment away from his side. The rock raged in futile anger. The little man soon separated a precious lump of stone and started back to shore with it.

The little stonecutter must have been dozing, for he woke with a start to think over his strange dream. At length, when he began to realize its import, his dour face creased into a smile, and he began to chuckle. All the way home his laughter became merrier, and when the villagers saw him they wondered what had happened. He never told them, but from then on, instead of a discontented man he came to be known as The Merry Little Stonecutter, and had many friends.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR AND THE WAR

(*Continued from page* 10)

plaining that we are unjustly attacked or misunderstood. There has always been misunderstanding of scholarship; there have always been unjust, short-sighted attacks, sometimes disastrous for whole societies.

But what of our own record? Has literature for us been the articulate traditions of civilization, or has it been, sometimes, often, a set of test tubes, a collection of samples, a program for experiment upon which the chemist sets to work? What has been the relation between literary research and that teaching of literature which should be the primary training and extension and uplifting of the imagination? I submit that the extensive literary research of the last quarter-century has made teaching more accurate, has trained new researchers in better methodologies, and beyond that has almost completely failed to insure in the teaching of literature the growth, the fervor, the taste, the insight, the assimilation of what can only be assimilated and can never be directly taught, which alone justify eminence, and perhaps preëminence, for literature among the humanities. The great teachers of literature have not got their power over literature as such, over poetry as such, in their work for the doctor's degree, no matter how useful that may have been. They have got it extra-curriculum. The routine teachers of literature have spent that quarter of a century in shifting the emphasis from facts and methods which supplied their special training, to the values and aspirations which we now see were what their classes most bitterly needed. The dull and pedantic teachers of literature, of which there have been too many, have used their hours of instruction to regurgitate for the supposed benefit of those in process of being generally educated, what had been meant for the specialist in factual research.

I am most desirous not to make a blanket condemnation. I am most anxious to support the usefulness, as far as it goes, of factual research, and it may often go far. But I ask any fair-minded man to propose to himself this question: What in an industrial, scientific age, in a culture threatened with destruction because technology has outrun its human controls, is the present relation between the study, thought, imagination, purpose, represented in the investigations which predominantly fill our learned publications and are the substance of our graduate education,—and the job which literature, and the teaching of literature, must do in this crisis of the human spirit. What should it be? The answer is not easy to supply, and I am suggesting here no formula. The work we have done has its own values. But I submit that this generation of young people has reason to say to the American scholar, I asked for bread, and you have given me a stone.

H. S. C.

This editorial was originally prepared as a speech to the Convention of the Modern Language Association of America which was not held on account of restrictions on travel.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
Subscribers' Service Division

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The Crostics Club

JOHN VALENTINE, Decatur, Ill., not only sends us this contribution to our Peter Dunne query, but entrusts us with a precious letter dated Nov. 4, 1898, and signed in firm script F. P. Dunne:

"The matter of Mr. Dooley *is* rather complicated and no wonder if you go into double-crostics over it. As an (ex-) West Side Chicagoan, I am accepting your open invitation to 'pursue that matter to a conclusion' . . . Dunne was baptized Peter Dunne at old St. Patrick's, in 1867, and through the rowdy years of his youth he was so known and thus signed his name. Upon coming of literary age, he apparently thought to add to his dignity by adding his mother's maiden name (Finley) to his own. As set forth in Elmer Ellis's "Mr. Dooley's America," sometime before 1886 he became P. F. Dunne. 'But two years later he reversed the order to Finley P. Dunne, and then dropped that for the simple initials F. P. Dunne.' . . . 'F. P. Dunne' was the way he signed his name, in the considerable number of letters that are in the possession of this Dooley fan. I am enclosing one of these letters as Exhibit A (Kindly return)." We thank Elizabeth Toms for opening the subject and Mr. Valentine for this light shed on it.

Besides famous folk already mentioned in this column as having at one time or other indulged in DC's should be included:

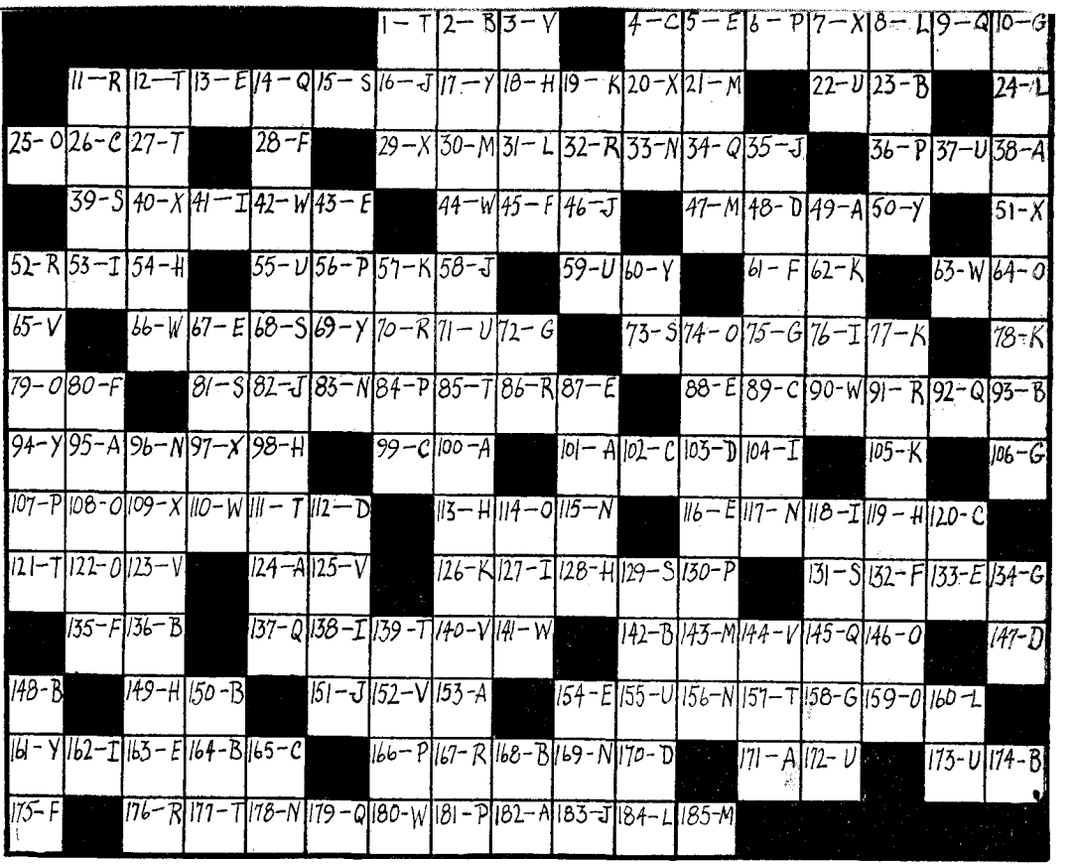
Stephen Vincent Benét, who in giving us permission to use a selection from his works two years ago, gladdened our days by adding that a weary hospital stay had been shortened by doing DC's.

John Haynes Holmes, who in summer mood in his Maine haunt dubbed them an engaging and inspiring pastime and joined two school marms in concocting and sending me an original one.

John Palmer Gavit, former Managing Editor of the *Evening Post*, who once wrote that before he did his weekly DC he made a bow to the maker of the mysteries involved. By now, if he still reads the *S.R.L.* the mysteries have evaporated.

Talking of permissions, in my files is a whimsical note from Christopher Morley: "I am just rushing away for a trip to the West, but I can't go without telling you how pleased I was to see old Roger Mifflin's words on the jacket of Series Three! He and I both thank you and send our affectionate regards." There follow the two signatures, Roger's in a picturesque, shaky writing with the explanation "whose hand now palsies with age—let's see, he was 48 or so (or was it more?) in 1917, guess he's 67." Some authors tell us that they forget their creations with publication, but apparently Christopher Morley lives with his.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 460

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Arrangement and character of the scales or shields of an animal (Zoöl.)

B. Equal in numerical value.

C. Hungarian orchestra conductor (1855-1922).

D. Turkish rug of bold geometric design and vivid colors.

E. Speculative treatises of Vedic philosophy.

F. Third of the Four Books (Chinese).

G. With restraint relaxed (phrase).

H. Commander of the first expedition for the settlement of Virginia (1606).

I. To desist from; quit (2 wds.)

J. City at head of the Adriatic Sea.

K. Court near London built by Wolsey.

L. The choice or select part.

M. Groveling; of the earth.

N. An animal, plant or group having superficial similarity to another (Biol.)

O. Third of the Five Classics (Chinese).

P. Energetic command to depose (2 wds.)

Q. An indefinite pronoun-reflexive or emphatic form.

R. Famous feminine creation by R. B. Sheridan.

S. Externally manifest.

T. An abnormal condition of excitement or interest (2 wds.)

U. Fifth of the Five Classics (Chinese).

V. A rogue; a gallows bird (slang).

W. Makes or becomes bestial.

X. Unavoidable penalty.

Y. In progress.

WORDS

101	153	95	124	182	38	49	171	100	
174	93	150	168	23	136	148	2	164	142
165	99	26	102	120	4	89			
170	147	112	48	103					
67	88	163	87	13	154	5	133	116	43
61	28	135	175	45	80	132			
158	134	72	75	106	10				
54	119	113	18	128	98	149			
162	76	118	104	53	41	138	127		
46	35	183	58	16	151	82			
19	105	57	126	78	62	77			
8	24	31	184	160					
30	143	21	47	185					
117	83	178	33	115	156	169	96		
146	64	108	114	159	79	25	122	74	
130	56	36	181	107	6	84	166		
92	137	145	9	34	14	179			
32	70	91	167	176	86	52	11		
15	129	131	81	73	68	39			
157	85	139	111	177	12	27	121	1	
71	173	155	172	55	37	22	59		
152	65	144	60	125	3	140	123		
90	110	44	141	180	63	42	66		
7	20	109	97	29	40	51			
161	69	17	94	50					

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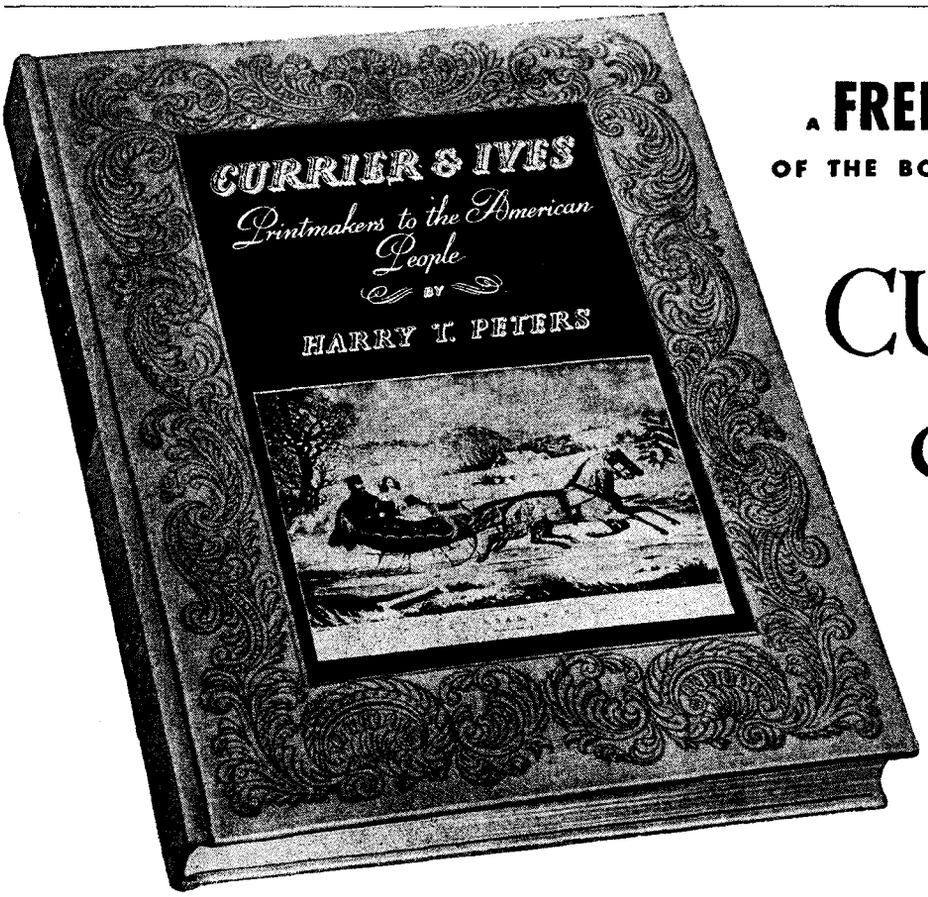

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